KINDLING

CHARLES KENYON

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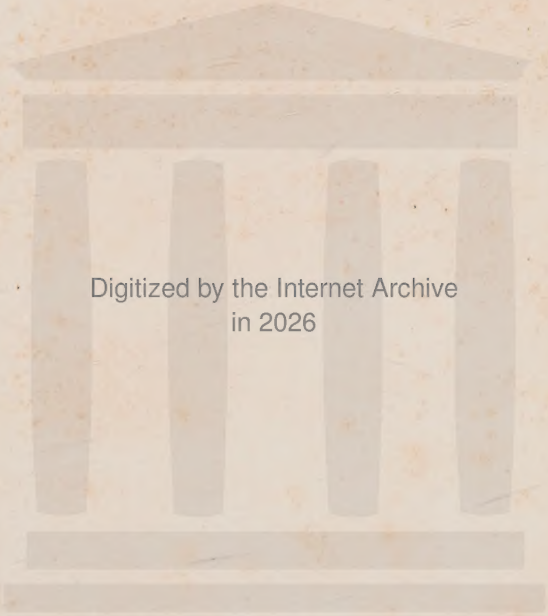
The Drama League Series of Plays

VOLUME I

KINDLING



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MARGARET ILLINGTON

KINDLING

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts

BY

CHARLES KENYON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
CLAYTON HAMILTON

GARDEN CITY 1914 NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY

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INTRODUCTION TO THE DRAMA LEAGUE SERIES OF MODERN PLAYS

FIRST VOLUME

The Officers and Directors of the Drama League of America believe that the full purpose of their organization can be realized only when the general average of audiences in the American theatre shall attain to a degree of intelligence in regard to the drama in some way comparable with that to be found in the theatres of Europe. They believe that one of the most important elements in the product of European audiences has been the opportunity given them, individually and continually, to study the drama in its printed form, both before and after its presentation upon their stage. By this means are they kept acquainted with all important dramas as they are produced, or before they are produced, in the leading theatres of their own or other countries.

The modern French or German play sells in its editions of thirty or forty thousand, at the cost of a franc or a mark the volume (twenty to twenty-five cents). Audiences are accordingly familiar with dramatic literature; they are fitted to appreciate, and intelligently discuss and support important pieces in the theatre. Consequently all standards in the theatre are higher abroad — this applies to plays, criticism, acting, and production, and these higher standards are a natural result of a greater intelligence in the

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audience; is "what the public wants" — in fact, demands — in the European theatre. These continental audiences are composed of people individually able to understand whether author, actor, producer, or scenic artist is responsible for the elements that make for the play's success or failure; and so they can properly allot praise or censure, as well as obtain an intelligent added pleasure in the theatre over and beyond their mere interest in "the telling of the story" on the stage. It is by this means only that, in the European theatre, pieces like Brieux' "Les Avariés" (Englished as "Damaged Goods") and the philosophical and socialistic dramas of Germany, particularly, are successful.

The printed play has also a particular interest to the reader; quite apart from the interest of any story-book or novel. In the drama it is necessary, because of the medium of action by means of which the story is told, that it progresses rapidly, tersely; in vivid picturesque dialogue, eliminating merely the unnecessary and uneventful intervening scenes and characters, as well as the tedious descriptions of scenery and atmosphere that pad out the novel. In the theatre this background is supplied by the stage picture; in reading it is left for the imagination of the reader to supply, — as well as the appearance and motions of the actors; a most unusual opportunity to continue to practice, in mature life, the vivid imaginings of romance too often abandoned after childhood! There is hardly a play but will well repay the individual by a close reading of its text. Almost half the wit of Captain Marshall's "His Excellency the Governor," for instance, is so subtle as to evanesce in crossing over the footlights: the whimsical dialogue of Sir James M. Barrie in reading even

exceeds in wit and point its hearing in the theatre, when quip follows quip so rapidly that even the most alert spectator cannot obtain the fullest amount of pleasure possible, from a single hearing; while the thrill and suspense of Gillette's "Secret Service" or "Sherlock Holmes" hang as heavily around the printed page as in the theatre auditorium.

The printing of worthy drama is a positive necessity to the student of the theatre. Even if he is a resident of one of our largest cities, his opportunity to see any individual play in performance is only during the comparatively short period of its local run. Before or after that time, unless the piece is obtainable in published form, he has no opportunity to enjoy the work or refresh his memory in regard to it for purposes of discussion or study. He possesses in the printed play an important educative element, increasing his interest on both acting and the drama by a comparison of the piece as it reads and as it acts — and no other better means exists for the individual to obtain self-instruction — the most individual and valuable, if not the only, real means of education — in regard to the principles and practices of the drama and the arts of the theatre. In the second place, the drama in its printed form is in a great many cases the *only* means by which those interested in the theatre and its development to-day can keep in touch with the processes of that development — because of their comparative isolation in cities or localities remote from theatrical centres of production. Even the student residing in New York City or Chicago cannot make any adequate study of the drama from the pieces acted on Broadway, or within "the loop" — many as are those plays that are presented, in one lo-

cality or the other, for his attention! If even a person thus favorably located has to depend upon the printed playbook to obtain any properly proportioned idea of the current drama, it indicates how much more isolated or restricted is the outlook of the person living in any other city — let alone those residing in still more remote localities far from any centre of theatrical interest. Such a person is at present absolutely cut off from all means of participation in or knowledge of the progress of a mighty art — probably the one art possessing the most inherent educational value for the masses of our country — as a whole!

Further than this, the American playgoer — because of the entirely commercial control of the American amusement situation — is peculiarly isolated from all real centres of modern dramatic interest. He has no opportunity whatsoever to become acquainted with the many important dramas of progress produced in the Folk theatres of Russia; the socialized German theatres; the subsidized theatres of France; and even sometimes in the individually directed English theatres, unless he is conversant with the European languages and possesses means of keeping in touch with English and Continental publications of modern drama.

In undertaking the selection of modern dramas for publication in "The Drama League Series of Plays," the purpose of the League is twofold. It first desires to select from the modern plays of importance in the theatre, in America or abroad, those pieces most worthy of reading and study by a person desiring to form or maintain an intelligent basis for the appreciation of modern drama. To this end the books to be selected will come from two groups; one will

include the best of the plays current on the American stage for the year; the other will cull from the most important European plays of recent years those indispensable to the student of the drama (when not otherwise already obtainable in English) in order to comprehend the growth and development of the theatre in other countries as well as in his own. These plays will by no means always be epoch-making dramas. That is neither possible, nor altogether to be desired. Some proportion of them will be as light and entertaining (and, indeed, somewhat more intelligent, withal!) as the current "best seller" — of the day — provided only that they carry other merits of drama as well. It is quite probable that the European pieces will generally be more important in the historical development of the theatre than those published from the English or American stage; whereas the latter will probably often be of more compensatingly direct interest to American readers because of their greater insularity in outlook and nearer relationship in point of view.

It is also the purpose of this Committee to assist, so far as may be possible, in standardizing the publication of plays so that, through their publishers or in coöperation with other publishers, all English and American readers may eventually be able to obtain books of plays bound at a nearly uniform size — certainly at a uniform height, to stand side by side upon their shelves — in a comparatively compact volume, at an inexpensive price. Many plays have been published in the format of a novel, which makes at once a too bulky and cumbersome proportion for the playbook; to be convenient for purposes of study it should preferably be of a size to slip easily into the pocket. It is hoped that the style and format determined for

the Drama League plays will meet with such general satisfaction as to assist in bringing other publishers to adopt as nearly as possible a uniform size — while the League, in perfecting this arrangement with Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., has provided for the publication of this series, bound in brown boards, for $.75 a volume in the hope that so low a price would bring these volumes within the reach of every one interested in the drama, and serve to insure a sale sufficiently large to make this series possess a real educative influence upon the playgoers of America, and so also become eventually profitable to the publishers.

A further arrangement with the publishers provides for possible future special "Drama Study Editions" of those plays for which members of the League will subscribe in advance a sufficient number of copies to make such an edition possible, at a still lower price, that will be available *only to members of the Drama League of America.* By special arrangement with various publishers, your Committee will be able to include within this special edition called for by the Study Courses other standard plays already published or controlled by firms other than Doubleday, Page & Co., whom the Drama League has selected as its exclusive publishers for "The Drama League Series of Plays." The selection of the plays to be included in this series has been placed in the hands of a special sub-Committee, composed of Mrs. A. Starr Best, the president of the Drama League of America; Mr. Clayton Hamilton, already well known as a critic and writer interested in the best products of our Stage, and Mr. Alfred A. Knopf, whose membership at once represents the publishers and attests to the personal study he has made of the theatre here and abroad.

The inception of this series came, in the first place, from the discovery that it was often impossible, in the preparation of Drama Study Courses, to call for the study of the best and most representative plays, because of the fact that these plays now did not exist in any printed form in English! It will eventually be the purpose of this series to include those volumes, not otherwise obtainable, which will be called for by the Drama Study Courses once they have been completely revised with the idea of incorporating those plays most representative of the country, and best representative of the individual dramatists whose work they are — *without qualification of any kind whatsoever!* Under this arrangement, the National Committee on Publications Relating to the Drama will endeavor always to secure the most authoritative and best possible translations of all plays included within this series, as well as the publication rights in English of those plays that will be required to complete the Library of books necessary to the study of the Modern Drama in Europe and in America, that will continue to remain the immediate objective of this new department of Drama League work. It is the sincere intention of all those concerned in this venture to make the name of this series stand always for all the merits of an authoritative and definitely complete edition. It is also the intention to arrange to accompany these plays with a brief introduction giving the history of the piece and the facts about its author; and, wherever possible to supplement each publication by a critical study analysis which will aid the reader in arriving at a just estimate of its technical merits or defects of construction, dialogue, etc.

It is already evident that the alertly awakening interest

of the American public in the theatre predetermines the development of a more distinctive American drama than we have ever yet possessed in this country. There already exist some pieces written by American playwrights during the last thirty years that are of historical importance to the study of the development of the American stage — and yet a number of these pieces are unobtainable in printed form, and are rarely — if ever — revived upon our contemporary stage. So far as it will be possible to find authoritative manuscripts or prompt-books of such of these plays as are at present unobtainable, their publication will be arranged for to supplement the number of current pieces in the theatre, from which this Committee will also select from time to time, as representative of the American drama of the day. These latter plays will not always prove the most important pieces of the year. They will probably rarely — or at least not for many years — prove to be even frequently the financial successes in the American theatre! They will, on the other hand, so far as possible, be representative of the best of work being contributed by American dramatists — or others — to the current theatre; or plays that promise to indicate a new and interesting type; or that recall in some appropriate form a type worthy of intelligent study, further analysis and investigation. It may often even happen that the plays published in this series may not be those generally approved by the various Playgoing Committees — whose problem is concerned not alone with the play, but also with its production and its acting performance. In the case of foreign plays, particularly, members are warned that they should not allow themselves to be confused by apparent differences of opinion between the Play-

going Committee and the Publication Committee; because it very often happens that an important foreign play — instanced notably, a year ago in an adaptation arranged by Mr. Charles Frohman of an English piece, "Chains" by Elizabeth Baker — has been hopelessly modified (or very considerably altered) in its adaption to suit the peculiar managerial ideas of "what the public" — in America — "wants." With the exception of a few foreign plays presented by visiting players of the intelligence, for instance, of Madame Simone, we have practically never had in our theatres an opportunity to see a French or German play as it was conceived and written by its authors!

Finally, your Committee will not always be able to include all those pieces of the theatre that they would desire to see in this series, for two reasons: In the first place they desire not to print probably more than about an average of ten volumes the year. This will insure that a rather careful process of selection will be observed, as well as prevent overheavy drains upon the purses of those who may desire to possess the complete series; and it should also be realized that many authors already have existing contracts with publishers which give those publishers the exclusive rights to the publication of their pieces, and would so prevent their work being represented in this "Drama League Series of Plays."

In conclusion, the scheme of this series should be again reiterated.

It is to supplement the plays already obtainable in authorized English versions by those other important continental pieces at present unavailable to the English reader. It is also to select from pieces current in the Ameri-

can and English theatre the more important or more representative plays of this or recent years. Eventually, purchasers of the complete series of Drama League plays will find themselves in possession of a thoroughly representative library of dramatic literature, English, American and Continental.

FRANK CHOUTEAU BROWN,
Chairman of the "National Committee on Publications Relating to the Drama."

December 1, 1913.

INTRODUCTION

This play, which is the first to be presented to the reading public under the auspices of the Drama League of America, has had an interesting history. It was written by Mr. Charles Kenyon, a young newspaper man on the staff of the San Francisco *Examiner*. Though Mr. Kenyon had previously produced a striking one-act melodrama, his name was utterly unknown in the theatre when *Kindling* was accepted by Mr. Edward J. Bowes and produced with Miss Margaret Illington in the leading part.

Unheralded by any advertising in advance, the play was brought to Daly's Theatre in December, 1911. Daly's had, by that time, ceased to be a popular playhouse, and *Kindling* opened on the same night when Madame Nazimova and Miss Ethel Barrymore were also being presented in new plays at more fashionable theatres. The result was that Miss Illington's performance received only brief and perfunctory notices in the newspapers and that *Kind-*

ling was not attended at all by most of the regular reviewers. In the few weeks before Christmas, scarcely any plays can do a good business unless they have been widely advertised; and it soon became apparent that *Kindling* was a failure. The head of the great booking syndicate in whose hands lay the destiny of the production glanced hastily at the scanty record of receipts, crossed the play off his list, and ordered the scenery to be sent to the storehouse. It is not recorded whether or not he had taken the trouble to see the play; but great managers are, of course, very busy people.

After the hours of *Kindling* had been numbered, and about ten days before the date when the truckmen had been ordered to transfer the scenery to the store-house, three men, with nothing better to do, happened to stroll in, severally, to see the play. One of these men was a novelist, another was a playwright, and the third was an author of books about the theatre. Having received what was to them an unusual impression, they rushed back to a famous club of which all three of them were members and disturbed the peace of a traditional fire-side by emphatically asking such questions as "Have you seen *Kindling?*" and "Who is Charles Kenyon?" No-

body could answer the second question; but several of the other members of this club had seen the play, and all agreed that it was a work of unusual sincerity and extraordinary merit.

It was then that the novelist suggested that so excellent a work must not be allowed to pass into oblivion, — that all the writers present owed a duty to their unknown fellow-craftsman to bring his play to the notice of an appreciative public. It was agreed at once that the only way to accomplish this end was to hit upon an expedient of advertising that had never been employed before. Many methods were discussed; and finally a practicable plan was agreed upon. Every member of this impromptu conference pledged himself to take at least five well-known writers to see the play within the next three days. Then, at the conclusion of the third day, a circular letter was printed, calling the attention of all people who were seriously interested in good art to the exceptional merits of this play; and this letter, signed with twenty or thirty names of men and women whose own literary work was known throughout the country, was simultaneously despatched to every newspaper in New York.

The receipt of a communication so extraordinary

as this became at once, in the parlance of the profession of journalism, a "good news item." The letter was printed prominently, and the occasion received comment in the editorial columns. Spurred on by this advantage, several of the "*Kindling* Boosters," as they now called themselves, wrote special articles for the Sunday editions and gave these "stories" to the newspapers free of charge.

In response to this sudden campaign of advertising, the business of the play improved. Then a subcommittee of the "*Kindling* Boosters" called upon the head of the great booking syndicate and pleaded with him to give the play another chance. They called his attention to the fact that their support of *Kindling* was entirely disinterested. None of them had ever heard of the author, none of them had ever met the producing manager or the leading actress; some of them were authors of successful plays, of which the new piece might be regarded as a rival, and all of them were very busy people, who were giving up their time to help a work that they believed in. They believed in *Kindling* because of its sincerity; and they honestly believed that the American public would support the play, if only its life could be continued.

The head of the booking syndicate was moved. "Where shall I send it?" he asked. "Chicago," was the answer; and he booked it for one week at the Cort Theatre in Chicago. The "*Kindling* Boosters" then rushed to the nearest telegraph office and explained the situation to the Playgoing Committee of the Chicago Centre of the Drama League of America. This Committee issued an advance bulletin, urging all the local members of the Drama League to rally to the support of the play.

Kindling opened in Chicago to a crowded house. It played to such a profit that the head of the booking syndicate proceeded to extend its career. Thereafter the piece was acted for over fifty weeks, in every part of the United States, and never, for a single week, did it fail to return a substantial profit to the managers.

This incident opens many vistas on the current conditions of theatrical management in this country, and emphasizes the manner in which worthy plays may be assisted by such disinterested organizations as the Drama League of America. No good play can fail if enough appreciative people can be persuaded to see it; and the purpose of the Drama League

is to organize and to deliver an appreciative audience for all plays that are worthy of serious support.

But the movement in support of *Kindling* could not have been successful if the play itself had not been worthy of it. The one feature of the piece which served to excite the enthusiasm of the original trio who organized the "*Kindling* Boosters" was the evident fact that the author had written it because he cared deeply about life and not for any lesser reason. Mr. Kenyon, when he conceived and wrote this play, had something to say; he said it to the best of his ability; and he meant it with all the power that was in him. Professional writers, who are themselves habituated to all the tricks of craftsmanship, cannot be deeply moved by any work that is not utterly sincere.

Mr. Kenyon is a good story-teller; he constructs a plot with ingenuity; he can create real and living characters; he can express profound emotion in direct and touching dialogue. These merits will become manifest at once to those who read the text of *Kindling*. But the main merit of this play is not its technical dexterity: it is the fact that Mr. Kenyon is gifted with that love of life which leads to understanding, — that essential sincerity of attitude and

utterance that wins and holds the sympathy of a responsive public.

Kindling is admirable as a work of art; but it is even more important as a social document. It is a sincere and sympathetic study of the emotions of the desperate poor. The play reminds us with a pang that each of us is at least a tacit partner in a social organization that is guilty of infanticide upon an enormous scale. There is blood upon our hands; and the responsibility is ours. What are we going to do about it? — remain silent partners in the crime, or take a more active hand in the business of society and endeavor to reorganize it in such a way as to mitigate its cruelty? Mr. Kenyon is an artist, and his play is not polemical; but after we have lived the life of Maggie Schultz for an evening in the theatre or the library, we can scarcely recede to our own more snug and comfortable lives without asking ourselves some questions such as these.

CLAYTON HAMILTON.

KINDLING

BY

CHARLES KENYON

First produced by Margaret Illington, under the direction of Edward J. Bowes at Daly's Theatre, New York City, December 3, 1911, with the following cast:

Maggie Schultz	Margaret Illington
Heinrich Schultz	A. Byron Beasley
Mrs. Bates	Annie Mack Berlin
Steve Bates	George Probert
Mrs. Burke Smith	Helen Tracy
Alice	Anne Meredith
Rafferty	Frank Camp
Mr. Howland	John Jex
Donovan	James McCauley

KINDLING

Act 1

CHARACTERS

Maggie Schultz	
Heinrich Schultz	Her husband, a stevedore.
Mrs. Bates	
Steve	Mrs. Bates's son.
Mrs. Burke Smith	
Mr. Howland .	Her business manager.
Alice	Her niece.
Dr. Taylor . .	An interne from a public hospital.
Rafferty	
Donovan	

Scene: Home of Schultz, in a New York tenement.
Time: Present.

ACT I: Morning in Autumn.
ACT II: Late afternoon. Two weeks later.
ACT III: Forty minutes later.

A SCENE FROM "KINDLING"

(Showing the setting used throughout the play)

ACT I.

DISCOVERED: BATES *is at the wash tub, scrubbing and rinsing clothes in a pail.* STEVE *comes down stairs and is about to cross the landing when* MRS. BATES *sees him.*

BATES [*Washing at tub — turns and sees* STEVE *coming downstairs*]. Steve! Will ye take this basket o' wash upstairs to our place before ye g' out?

STEVE [*Lounging in the doorway, rolling cigarette*]. I'd like to, Mud, but I couldn't lift a dollar bill before breakfast.

BATES [*Crossly*]. Go on, then. Faith, do ye ever do anything ye poor mother asks ye?

STEVE [*Good humoredly*]. God help me, if I did *everythin'* ye asked me.

[*Xs down R. to stove*

Say, you got some kind of heat in here, ain't ye?

BATES. Ye'd better keep out o' here now. Ye know what Heinie said — he didn't want ye to ever come in his place. Be careful now — he means it.

STEVE [*With a laugh*]. Say! You must have a life size piture o' what that Dutch boob can do to *me*!

BATES. I know what he'll *do* all right.

STEVE. If Dutch don't like me, what are you hangin' around here fer? Ye got a home o' yer own upstairs, ain't ye? Why don't ye stay in it?

[*Xs up C. to mirror above window — up R. and starts brushing hair.*]

BATES. If ye was any account on earth, ye'd pack the wather upstairs fer me so I could, instead of havin' me comin' down here botherin' the Schultzes.

STEVE [*Cheerfully*]. The water ought to be piped up there — there ought to be a fasset on every floor. The law says that.

BATES. Well, you're doin' nothin' else. Chase down and see that the landlord obeys the law.

STEVE. [*Turns down C.* What do I want to mix up in it fer? *You* pay the rent, don't ye?

BATES [*In angry disgust*]. Ah, get out o' me sight!

STEVE [*Yawning*]. Well! Me to the street fer a stiff drink an' a fat breakfast.

[*He steps out into the landing and is about*

to go down the stairs, but he sees somebody coming up the stairs and steps back into the room again.]

[*To* MRS. BATES].

Say — here's somethin' pretty nice comin' up here.

BATES. What d'ye mean?

STEVE. That nice little fancy squab from Fift' Avenue.

[*Bates goes out on the landing and looks down.*

BATES [*Speaking downstairs*]. Oh, good mornin', miss. Come right up. [*To* STEVE, *who is R. of doorway*]. You get out! Go on, get out!

[STEVE *loiters in the room until* ALICE *appears in the doorway. She is a young woman of about 20, fashionably dressed. She hesitates on seeing* STEVE. BATES *throws* STEVE *a look.* STEVE *ogles* ALICE, *who enters, avoiding him. He goes out and downstairs.*]

STEVE [*As he exits*]. Oh, you kid!

ALICE [*Xs down C. R. of* BATES *at tub*]. Good morning. You're Mrs. Bates who lives upstairs, aren't you?

BATES [*Washing at tub*]. Yes. I'm the lady from right over here. I drop down into Maggie's place sometimes to do me washin'!

ALICE. I see. I was expecting to find Mrs. Schultz at home.

BATES. She ain't been here since I came down.

ALICE. I don't believe we know each other?

BATES. Sure I've seen ye around the buildin' the last two weeks. Ye're doin' tinement work.

[*Brings down chair C. to* ALICE, *Xs to wash-boiler on stove R.*]

ALICE [*Sitting*]. Oh, not exactly that. I've been helping poor Mrs. Simons look after her sick child. She expected me this morning to come and stay with it while she went out, but I find I won't be able to for an hour or so, and I thought Mrs. Schultz might take my place.

BATES [*Poking clothes in boiler with stick*]. Sure, I'm thin' ye won't be bothered many mornin's watchin' that kid.

ALICE. No. Doctor Taylor says it isn't going to live.

BATES. Faith, the young doctor didn't have to feel the child's pulse to find that out.

ALICE. What do you mean?

BATES. He only had to glance at the place the child was tryin' to live in. [*Takes clothes from wash-boiler on broomstick, dropping same into bucket.*]

ALICE. I know, it's terrible! It's an outrage! [*She pauses troubled.* BATES *grunts her approval.*] Mrs. Bates, I've induced my aunt to come down this morning.

BATES. Yer aunt?

ALICE. Yes — Mrs. Burke Smith; that's why I can't go to Mrs. Simons' now. She'll be here with Mr. Howland, who manages her business affairs.

[ALICE *rises, Xs R.* I mean to take them over this building from top to bottom and show them everything.

BATES. That sounds as if your aunt had money.

ALICE. More than she knows what to do with!

BATES. And ye're hopin' she'll spill some around here, eh?

ALICE. Yes.

BATES [*Still busy fishing out clothes from wash-boiler on stove*]. Faith, that ain't the cure for the troubles of this place! It's the owners of the buildin' should give us what we pay for.

ALICE [*Thoughtfully*]. That's very true, Mrs. Bates. The owners of this building *must* do their duty. [*Quickly — fearing lest she has said too much.*] Of course we shouldn't judge them too harshly.

Property like this is usually in the hands of agents. And sometimes the owner doesn't know what the real conditions are. I can't think they'd shirk their moral responsibility if they did.

BATES. I guess the wise agent ain't puttin' them kind o' words in the contract.

ALICE [*After a moment of troubled thought*]. I had no idea myself until a few weeks ago. It was Doctor Taylor who told me.

BATES. Faith, he kicks enough, but that's all he can do.

ALICE. I suppose you've wondered why I come down here so often?

BATES. The doctor said you were interested in humanity. [*Snickering.*] I'm thinkin' the young feller looks on himself as quite a crowd.

ALICE.

[*Xs to vase on shelf and puts flowers she is wearing in vase and sets it on bureau with flowers in it.*]

[*Embarrassed.*] Well! One evening at dinner he happened by the merest chance to tell me of his work down here, and of the terrible condition that prevailed. The next morning I came down to see for myself!

BATES. And that got ye interested in humanity?

[*Xs back to tub.*

[*Dryly.*] Ah! He's a nice young feller.

ALICE. [*Xs to C. R. of tub.*

Well, the more I've come here, the more I've realized something must be done! Finally, I spoke to my aunt. She wasn't deeply impressed.

BATES [*Half disgust*]. I guess not!

ALICE. She thinks it's one of my fads, but I've induced her to come down and see for herself, and I hope ——

[*She breaks off with troubled apprehension. Xs up R.*]

Well, we'll see. [*As if desiring to change the subject.*] You can't say when Mrs. Schultz will be back, then?

BATES. Faith, I can't keep track of Maggie these days. She's actin' kind o' queer lately.

ALICE. [*Xs down to* BATES.

Why — is anything troubling her? She hasn't quarreled with Mr. Schultz?

BATES. I ain't heard of it, but ye can't tell — his father was Dutch. Lately he's stormin' round because he thinks he ain't gettin' his rights here in the buildin'. He's heard the doctor talk.

ALICE. The doctor shouldn't say things to make people discontented.

BATES. The child's got to spout his learnin' somewhere. He'd blow up if he didn't!

ALICE [*Smiles*]. I know. He's very earnest.

BATES. Uh huh. [*She glances up at* ALICE *and they both laugh.*] He's a fine bye.

ALICE. [*Going toward the door. Embarrassed.*] Well, I'll come back again when my aunt comes; I mean to show her everything. [*She passes out.*

[STEVE *is on the landing holding door. She passes him without looking at him. Goes upstairs.*]

STEVE.

[*Indicating* ALICE; *coming down, toothpick in mouth, speaking to* BATES.]

Pretty fine, huh?

BATES [*At tub*]. Ye hadn't better get fresh with her.

STEVE [*R. of* BATES *and tub*]. Awh, Hell! Skoits love it!

BATES [*At tub*]. Maybe *your* kind do.

STEVE [*Turning to* BATES]. My kind?

BATES. It's a dangerous road ye're traveling, Steve. Ye ought to be plyin' an honest trade like

Heinie. Sure, it's breakin' me heart to see ye doin' what ye are!

STEVE [*Good naturedly. Flicks soap suds from tub at* MRS. B., *C.*] Fergit it!

BATES. I try to take pride in ye, but yer a good-fer-nothin' lad! and it'll be the end of me some day. . . .

STEVE [*Good naturedly*]. Aw, dry up! I ain't a dub — some day I'll set ye up in a sunny flat, and buy ye phoney curls till yer head aches. How's that?

BATES [*Alarmed*]. Where d'ye mean to get the money, Steve?

STEVE [*Turns up C.* Don't *you* fret.

BATES [*Alarmed*]. Steve!

[MAGGIE *enters from downstairs, carrying some kindling in her apron. She crosses to stove wearily and starts putting the sticks of wood in the top of stove.* STEVE *sits on table up C.*]

Oh, there ye are! That young lady was here asking fer ye. Did ye see her? [*No answer.* Maggie, don't ye hear nothin' I say to ye lately?

MAGGIE. What'd ye say?

BATES. I said that young lady, Miss Alice, was askin' fer ye.

STEVE. [*Up C. sitting on table by window.* Say, she's some looker all right. I seen that kid doctor downstairs. He's comin' up here.

[MAGGIE *sits in chair before stove down R.*

STEVE [*Getting off table*]. I'd like t' pipe her loose on 14th Street — I'd have her doin' the turkey trot in the Brighton before midnight.

BATES. That ain't no way to talk about a good woman.

STEVE. [*Down to C.* That's the only kind I have on me staff.

[*Xs down to* MAGGIE *at stove — above chair in which* MAGGIE *sits*].

Say, angel face, you're the only good girl I know. Any time ye get tired lookin' at the face of that crazy Dutch husband of yours . . .

BATES [*Puts some of her washing on chair C.*]. Steve, shut up — get upstairs now. Heinie don't want ye in his place nor talkin' to Maggie anyhow.

STEVE [*Good naturedly to* MAGGIE]. Hear that? Yer Dutch husband says I can't talk to ye.

[*Xs back to C.* [*As he crosses up.*] Ain't it hell to be hated?

BATES. What ye want here anyhow?

STEVE. [*Up C.*

It's freezing up there . . . gimme somethin' for the fire.

BATES. Maggie, can ye give the bye some wood so he'll get out . . . Maggie!

MAGGIE. I just put the last piece in the fire.

STEVE [*Dumping clothes off chair C., sitting*]. Then I sits here till me mother gits the strength t' chop some more.

BATES [*Picking up clothes*]. Let him stay in a few minutes till I finish me washin'.

MAGGIE. I don't care what he does.

STEVE. O, you little daredevil.

BATES [*Busy washing*]. There ought to be some wood around here somewhere. Maggie, what ye doin' with that baby cradle?

MAGGIE. What cradle?

BATES [*At tub*]. The one ye was packin' home from the furniture factory fire last week. . . . don't ye remember . . . with one leg busted off? Let Steve break it up for you.

MAGGIE. I ain't choppin' that up.

BATES [*At tub*]. Sure you can't sell it. Tain't worth nothin' . . . there's plenty of cradles layin' empty around here. [*Pause*] What's the matter?

MAGGIE. Oh, nothin'. How's that sick kid downstairs?'

BATES. Sure if it's still alive, it's nearly dead.

MAGGIE. And only three years old.

BATES. Sure it might 'a' spent the time better niver bein' born at all. What's the use? They say they're comin' for it with the ambulance and the poor little divil too near dead to enjoy the ride.

TAYLOR [*Downstairs off stage L. Calling loudly*]. Hey there . . . anybody home?

BATES. There's the young doctor now.

[TAYLOR *enters up R. C., carrying a doctor's medicine satchel and a baby.*]

Hello, doctor.

[*The* DOCTOR *is a young man of about twenty-five. He carries a small baby wrapped in a cheap gray blanket.*]

TAYLOR [*To* BATES *up C.*]. Good morning! Will you keep this kid here a while? Its mother has to go to the drug store for the other one.

BATES. Sure it's a great way ye have o' holdin a baby. [*Snatching it from him.*] Gimme it. [*Holding it admiringly.*] Ain't it a fat rosy one? Don't ye be triflin' with this child. It's the only healthy one in the buildin'.

[*Handing it to* MAGGIE, *who places baby in clothes basket, L of table up C.* DOCTOR *puts satchel and hat on table up C.* DOCTOR *Xs down R. to stove.*]

Put it away, Maggie, where he can't get at it. . . . Carryin' a baby around with its head below it's feet. . . . [*Going to tub.*

Was ye tryin' to teach it to skin the cat? Sure ye better try raisin' a family before ye try curin' one.

MAGGIE. Say, doctor, you goin' to take the other one to the hospital?

TAYLOR. I guess it isn't worth while.

MAGGIE. What ails it? Do you know?

TAYLOR. Improper sanitation.

BATES [*At tub, scornfully*]. Improper sanitation . . . a hell of a lot you know!

TAYLOR [*Laughing*]. What!

BATES. Some of them dude babies uptown might catch improper sanitation from ridin' too fast in automobeels or overfeedin'. But the divil of a disease wid a name like that will yez find in this district! [*Wringing clothes.*] That baby's sufferin' from a severe attack of bein' born down here where he shouldn't be born!

MAGGIE [*Up C. by table. To* TAYLOR]. 'Tain't so. Somethin's wrong inside, ain't it?

TAYLOR. I guess about everything's wrong inside.

BATES [*At tub*]. No doubt ye'll soon be takin' out some of the child's plumbin'?

TAYLOR. It's the plumbing here in the house that's doing the business, if any one should ask you.

STEVE.

[*Jumping up impatiently and making for the door.* Awh!

BATES. Where yer goin', Steve?

STEVE [*In disgust, turning to door*]. Upstairs where it's cold. Gee, ye're a healthy bunch of grave diggers. [*He exits into the hall and upstairs.*

TAYLOR [*Starting for the door, laughing.* Well, see you later.

BATES. Good day, doctor.

TAYLOR [*Stopping, as if struck by a sudden thought*]. Oh, by the way — you haven't seen two ladies and a gentleman here to-day?

BATES. How's that?

[MAGGIE *Xs to window R.*

TAYLOR. There's a gentleman and two ladies.

BATES [*Shyly*]. And one's a young lady?

TAYLOR. [*Down C. anxiously.* Yes, that's it!

BATES. They're expected shortly.

TAYLOR [*Brightening up*]. Sure? How do you know?

BATES. From the way you're loafin' around.

TAYLOR [*With a half embarrassed laugh*]. Nothing gets by you, Bates, does it? Well, so long—I'm busy.

[*He leaves his medicine case on the table up C. by window C. as if unconscious of it and again starts for the door.*]

BATES. Oh, doctor.

TAYLOR. [*Pausing*]. Eh?

BATES [*Winking at* MAGGIE]. Ain't he the cute one? [*Pointing to the medicine case.*] I suppose it's a shame to tell ye, ye're forgettin' yer little pill box!

TAYLOR [*Trying to look surprised*]. Gee whiz!

BATES [*Laughing at him and imitating his start*]. Gee whiz! . . . . D'ye notice the sudden start of surprise? He was savin' that for the young lady. Sure, here's a better excuse than that.

[*She picks up the wash basket up C. into which* MAGGIE *had placed the baby.*]

Here's me basket of wash with the child on top. [*Putting the basket in his arms.*] Carry it upstairs to *my* place. I'm thinkin' it's got a high fever. When yer friends come in, ye kin just be bringin' him back to life.

TAYLOR [*Laughing*]. But see here. . . .

BATES. Drop in here for some hot water.

[*Nudging him in the ribs, handing clothes basket to* TAYLOR.]

TAYLOR. But suppose they ask to see the kid. He doesn't look very feverish.

BATES. Wait till *you've* had him a while.

TAYLOR.

[*Starting for the door, carrying the basket and medicine case and laughing.*]

You're a wonder!

MAGGIE [*At window R.*] Say, doctor ——

TAYLOR [*Pausing*]. Yes.

MAGGIE What made that other one sick? Ye ain't told me yet?

TAYLOR [*Off hand*]. Just living down here. It's enough to kill a horse!

[*Exits and upstairs.* MAGGIE *turns away to hide the effect his words have had upon her.*]

MAGGIE. [*Xs down to* BATES *at tub.*

Other kids are born down here. This place is good enough for them to live in, ain't it?

BATES. Aw, Maggie, will ye fergit it?

MAGGIE. They're grown up all right, and they're happy and good as any other kids. Ain't they? Well, ain't they?

BATES [*At tub*]. Yes . . . look at them with their little bits of wizened bodies and chalky faces. D'ye suppose any one of them could be a policeman? Then look at my bye Steve — can lick any one in the ward. He was born and raised in Wyoming. Sure, a kid from here wouldn't stand no chance wid him.

[MAGGIE *Xs thoughtfully to stove.*

STEVE [*Coming hurriedly downstairs and enters*]. Say, Mud, how about some wood for the fire? Get busy, will ye?

[*Sits on corner of table up C. swinging foot.*

BATES [*Crossly*]. If ye were a good lad, ye'd be out in the street gettin' me some.

STEVE [*Good humoredly*]. If I was a good lad, I'd be takin' yer wash home Saturday nights instead of me dame to the theatre. Now rustle me up some wood, will ye?

[*Sitting on table up C. and accidentally kicking*

cradle, which is concealed under table by table cloth which hangs down in front of it.]

What's this?

[*Pulling cradle from under table.*

Here's where Stevie gets some steam heat. Here's that cradle youse two was gassin' about.

MAGGIE [*At him, savagely*]. You leave that cradle alone!

STEVE.

[*Catches a glimpse of baby clothes in it, and goes off into peals of laughter as he steps back.* MAGGIE *throws herself protectingly over the cradle. Laughing. Xs R. to window.*]

This is no place for a young feller.

[HEINIE *is heard coming upstairs.* BATES *gives a start, then suddenly hurries toward window up C.*]

BATES. Hark! Somebody's comin'. [*She looks out the window.*] It's Heinie.

[MAGGIE *looks up startled* — STEVE *stops laughing* — MAGGIE *hurriedly hiding the cradle under the table again* — BATES *frightened.*]

Steve — get out! Get out, will ye, or there'll be a fight.

[STEVE *has started for the door, but finds that he has no time to get out. Turning back into the room with bravado, he crosses down to stove.*]

Well, I'm lookin' for it!

[HEINIE *enters.* HEINIE *then looks at* MAGGIE *up C. by table, who is trying to control her agitation.*]

HEINIE. Hello, Maggie! [*No one answers.*] What's the matter with ye?

MAGGIE. Nothing!

HEINIE. Yes, they is.

MAGGIE. Why no. I. . . .

BATES. Why, it was nothin', Heinie. She . . .

[*Steps, accidentally knocks down poker which is leaning against the stove. As she fails for an answer,* HEINIE *looks at* STEVE *keenly.*]

HEINIE [*Turns, sees* STEVE. *Pause — to* MAGGIE]. You go in there a minute.

[*Takes* MAGGIE *L. to exit. As* HEINIE *Xs L with* MAGGIE, STEVE *picks up poker from floor.*]

MAGGIE. Heinie . . . I . . .

HEINIE [*Urging her — kindly*]. Go on ahead.

[MAGGIE *exits L.* HEINIE *Xs below tub to C.,*

where he meets STEVE. *While* HEINIE'S *back is turned* BATES *motions frantically to* STEVE *to get out.* HEINIE *turns and advances toward* STEVE, *who holds the poker behind his back.*]

BATES [*Frantically*]. Why, Heinie, it's nothing ——

[HEINIE *plants himself squarely before* STEVE, *who Xs to C. to meet him.*]

HEINIE [HEINIE *and* STEVE, *eye to eye*]. A while ago you came to my wife with a line of talk about goin' to work in a dance hall as a waitress — I heard about it, and ye was careful to keep out of my sight. Now I told yer mother ye wasn't to come into this place or speak to Maggie.

STEVE (*C*). Aw, I was only joshin'.

[BATES *Xs below* STEVE, *R.*

HEINIE [*Cutting him short*]. Well, you don't pull that josh in my home, see! What's more, you keep out of it!

STEVE. Aw, I just come in fer some wood.

HEINIE. Get out into the street and chop yer own. Women don't work for your kind in this place. Just get that — your game won't go.

STEVE [*Defiantly*]. What game?

HEINIE. Bringin' young girls down to your dance hall. Makin' 'em drink, plyin' a trade so dirty low even the dogs in the street wouldn't mix with ye.

STEVE [*Threatening him with the poker*]. Why, damn ye!

HEINIE [*Seeing poker is in Steve's hand. Undisturbed*]. Put that down.

STEVE. Maybe I'd like to hold it.

HEINIE. Put it down!

STEVE [*Dropping it and speaking with meaning*]. All right, I don't need it.

BATES [*Behind* STEVE, *touching his arm pleadingly*]. Boys, boys!

STEVE [*Angrily*]. You shut up! [*To* HEINIE.] Now what ye gotta say?

[MRS BATES *picks up poker from floor.*

HEINIE. Just this: If you know what's good for ye, don't ye ever show yer mug in this place again, and if ye ever try yer con talk with Maggie, like ye passed her a while ago. . . .

STEVE. Well?

HEINIE [*In a cold, steely voice*]. You're a pretty handsome feller; I guess ye need ye looks in ye business, don't ye?

STEVE. It's me stock and trade.

HEINIE. Well, if I ever see ye in here again, or in speakin' distance of Maggie, I won't stop to ask ye what yer talkin' about. . . .

STEVE. What'll ye do?

HEINIE. I'll spoil yer stock and trade! Ye got that? Now, get out!

STEVE. As this is your shanty, ye gotta perfect right t' order me out.

[*Sneeringly as he moves toward door.* HEINIE *Xs L. below tub.*]

Ye show ye good senses to let it go at that.

[*As* STEVE *goes up,* MRS. BATES *places poker by stove.*]

HEINIE. And don't ye ever come back!

STEVE [*At door*]. We'll see about that when the time comes.

[*He goes out.*

BATES [*Xs C.*]. Steve won't come in again, I'll see to that!

HEINIE [*To* BATES. *Xs below tub*]. Do it! Ye're a good friend of our'n, Bates. Don't let him come in and spoil it. Any dog what's in the business he is. . . .

BATES. Wait, Heinie. . . . he's *my boy.*

HEINIE. All right, we'll drop it!

BATES. What ye comin' home at this time for?

HEINIE. [*Xs down R.*
The Walkin' Delegate's jawin' with the Bosses.

BATES. [*Xs to tub.*
The stevedores goin' to be called out?

HEINIE. Looks that way.

BATES. Aw, what a shame!

HEINIE. Rotten news for Maggie.

BATES [*Glancing apprehensively toward other room*]. Ump. Yes. . . . Say, Heinie, I hear McKenzie wants a man to tend his stable. . . . It'll come in handy if you're laid off. I told Steve about it, but he wouldn't go. Why don't ye chase down before any one else does?

HEINIE [*Cross up R*]. I will! Thanks for the tip!

BATES. That's all right. Hope ye get it. Ye'd better hurry.

HEINIE. No use telling Maggie I'm out of work till I know fer sure.

[*He goes out and downstairs.* BATES *Xs up to table up C. under which the cradle is concealed — looks thoughtfully at baby cap which she picks out of it.* MAGGIE *enters.*]

BATES

[*Drops cap back on cradle. Goes to her tenderly. Down L. C.*

Maggie, darlint, is it thrue? Aw, Maggie, Maggie. An' to think what I was sayin' to ye a while ago.

[*Xs down L.*

What does Heinie say?

MAGGIE. He don't know.

BATES [*R. of tub*]. It's time ye tould him.

MAGGIE [*Xs L., still to L. of tub*]. I don't dare. Heinie thinks like you do. A kid ain't got a chance down here. Up till a while ago, he used t' feel like I did.

BATES. He'd uv welcomed it, eh?

MAGGIE. We used to talk about it nights — how happy our home ud be with kids — somethin' to hold him and me together forever — somethin' to work fer. It ud be a real home, then, no matter where it was, or how poor it was. Then one day the health officer said somethin', and that started him thinkin'. Then he started readin' things up to find out fer himself. An' now he's fierce against it. He says bringin' kids into the world in places like this is worse than murder. Think of it, Bates, worse than murder. [*Xs above tub.*

BATES. [*Impatiently*]. Ah!

MAGGIE. I fought against believin' it. But now you say it's so. The doc says it's so, an' I can see it in that sick kid downstairs. [*Breaking down.*] Oh, it's awful! [*Xs up L.*

BATES. Sure, it's a foine state of mind ye're gettin' in.

MAGGIE. Heinie'll be wild at me.

BATES. Sure, he'll be kissin' ye till ye're smilin' an tickled to death. Tell him right out. If he's got any objections, he can be takin' ye away, he can.

MAGGIE [*Coming down C. R. of tub. Surprised*]. Take me away?

BATES. Do ye think this is the only place of residence in the world?

MAGGIE. What d'ye mean?

BATES. What's the matter with Wyoming? Shure it's the paradise o' babies. Look at Steve. When Steve was a baby he used to sleep in the sage brush like a regular little Moses.

MAGGIE [*Vaguely — sitting in chair C., which she brings down*]. Wyoming — it's a terrible way off, ain't it? Say, I bet it's a beautiful place ——

BATES. It ain't keepin' any tourists away from

the Garden of Eden — but to my mind, it's got it on this place.

MAGGIE [*Rapturously*]. It's all covered over with grass out there, ain't it? An' there's trees an' brooks an' lakes — an' ye can jest take ye lunch and go off on a picnic whenever ye want and lay around an' pick roses. . . .

BATES. All the pickin' ye'll do at picnics'll be the shells off'n hard boiled eggs. There ain't no roses in Wyoming.

MAGGIE [*With a shade of disappointment*]. Oh——

BATES. No, dearie, it's a hard, rugged country, an' ye got to scrap for a livin' jes' like ye do here — but ye got the color in yer cheek and the sparkle in yer eye to scrap with. An' that's where me bye Steve was born ——

MAGGIE [*Breathlessly*]. And he grew strong and husky!

BATES. And the night he come into the world the thunder was crashin' among the peaks and the wind was shriekin' and rippin' board after board off the house, and the cattle outside was a bellowin' — but above it all — loud and strong — came the howl o' me baby, and I thanked the good Lord fer it. For I knew he'd come into the world to last——

MAGGIE. Yes, yes!

BATES. —— Like the rocks and the prairies and the mountains. . . .

MAGGIE [*Passionately*]. Come into the world to last — that's what *I* want — that's what *I* want.

BATES. And it's what's expected of ye. If ye bring a life into the world, ye got to start it right — it's yer everlastin' duty.

MAGGIE.

[*Rises. Xs to above stove R. thoughtfully.* My everlastin' duty. [*Eagerly turning.*] Say, d'ye think Heinie'd quit his job and go?

BATES. I can put yez next to a scheme to land yez both in Wyoming and set yez up fer a hundred dollars at the most.

MAGGIE [*Xs to Bates. Eagerly*]. Ye can?

BATES. Ever hear tell o' homesteadin'? Well, there's certain land the Government ain't got no use fer, so it gives little pieces to the poor people, and tells them to go and live happy ever afther.

MAGGIE. They give it to ye, to *own?*

BATES. Wait till ye see the *land.*

MAGGIE. Then if we get a hundred, we can set up in Wyoming?

BATES. That's the game.

MAGGIE. Heinie's got to do it. I'll help him — I'll work, too. Gee, think of it — livin' out there in the sunshine an' flowers.

BATES. Fergit the flowers.

MAGGIE. Heinie's got to do it. Tell him about it when he comes home to night, will ye?

BATES. An' *you'll* be tellin' him about the other?

[*Steve opens door and enters.*] *In the hallway behind* STEVE *are* MR. HOWLAND *and* MRS. BURKE SMITH, *in the order named.*

STEVE [*Speaking as he enters, winking at* MAGGIE *and* BATES]. I sold these guys tickets to come in an' see the Morgue, d'ye mind?

[HOWLAND *enters, Xs down R. He is a man about forty, quietly but fashionably dressed, patronizing to all but* MRS. BURKE SMITH, *to whom he dances obsequious attention.*]

HOWLAND [*At doorway*]. May we come in?

BATES [*At tub*]. Ask Maggie. It's her place.

MRS. BURKE SMITH.

[*Enters — a woman of fifty, pompous and haughty, pushes forward and assumes the initiative. Xs down R.*]

Good morning, my good people.

MAGGIE [*Embarrassed. Up C.*]. Good mornin'.

BATES [*Very busy, washing*]. Marnin'.

STEVE [*At door up R. C. imitating side show spieler*]. Folks, it's the juiciest show on the Boardwalk. When ye've seen enough, step out by the door on the right, tell yer friends about it and come again.

[*All but* BATES *look horrified. She giggles.* STEVE *exits laughing.* MRS. B. S. *and* HOWLAND *turn to look at* STEVE.]

MRS. BURKE SMITH. I believe the fellow is drunk.

BATES. Aw, go on, he's humorous.

MRS. BURKE SMITH [*Turning to* HOWLAND — *sitting R. in rocking chair which* HOWLAND *has turned toward C.*]. Well?

HOWLAND [*Reading from memorandum book*]. Let me see — No. 18. Oh! This is Schultz and his wife.

MRS. BURKE SMITH. Oh, yes. I remember Alice mentioning them particularly. Which one of you is Maggie.

MAGGIE. Me, ma'am.

MRS. BURKE SMITH. I'm glad to see you, Maggie. Mr. Howland is taking me through the building. My niece has interested me in the work down here. She speaks most highly of you and your husband.

MAGGIE. Thanks, ma'am. [*Alice enters.*

ALICE. Oh, here you are, aunt. . . . Good morning, Maggie. [*To* MRS. BURKE SMITH.] I didn't mean to miss you downstairs.

MRS. BURKE SMITH. We're getting on quite well.

HOWLAND. A most remarkable chap showed us up.

MRS. BURKE SMITH [*To* MAGGIE]. I'm desirous of assisting those among you who show a disposition to better yourselves.

MAGGIE [*Undecided how to take it*]. Yes'm.

MRS. BURKE SMITH. Of course, we realize that to a few of you assistance in the form of donations is humiliating.

ALICE [*Touching her arm*]. Auntie dear.

MRS. BURKE SMITH [*To* MAGGIE]. Your husband is working now?

MAGGIE. Yes'm, he's a stevedore, down on the docks.

MRS. BURKE SMITH. Splendid! Does he drink?

MAGGIE. Not to hurt. Jes' a little sometimes when he's tired.

MRS. BURKE SMITH. Really, you know, that's very intelligent. It's a positive pleasure to find these occasional examples of the poor emerging from

the thralldom of narrow thinking. [*To* MAGGIE.] I judge your husband reads a bit.

MAGGIE. Up to Cooper Union most every night.

HOWLAND [*Unenthusiastically*]. Oh!

MRS. BURKE SMITH. Make a note of reading matter.

[*Howland makes note.*]

ALICE [*Speaking to* MRS. BURKE SMITH *aside*]. Auntie, these people might be sensitive. . . .

MRS. BURKE SMITH. You insisted on my coming down here, didn't you?

ALICE. Yes, but . . .

MRS. BURKE SMITH. Then if I am to assist them, I must investigate in my own way.

[ALICE *gives a little gesture of hopelessness and Xs up R. again.*]

MRS. BURKE SMITH [*Turns to* MAGGIE]. My dear, your husband's desire for knowledge should be encouraged, but along beneficial lines. Much of our magazine reading is most sinister in effect.

MAGGIE [*In a fog*]. What'm?

ALICE. Some of the stories he reads makes him sad.

MAGGIE. He does get grouchy sometimes.

MRS. BURKE SMITH. [*To* MAGGIE]. Have you any children?

MAGGIE. No'm.

MRS. BURKE SMITH. That's very sensible.

ALICE. Oh, auntie.

MAGGIE [*In a trembling voice*]. That's what Heinie says.

MRS. BURKE SMITH. Your husband is quite right. Having children in your sphere is an economic error. [MAGGIE *turns and weeps on* MRS. BATES' *shoulder.*]

HOWLAND. Evidently we have touched upon a sensitive point. [BATES *puts her arms about* MAGGIE.]

MRS. BURKE SMITH [*To Maggie, a little irritably*]. My dear, we all have our burdens to bear. Come now, you mustn't cry.

BATES. She ain't crying. She's laughin'. [*Whispering to* MAGGIE *as* HEINIE *enters from the hall.*] Dry up. Here's Dutch.

HEINIE [*Eyes the visitors half angrily, half curiously, then nods*]. Good morning.

HOWLAND. You are Schultz? I presume.

HEINIE. Well?

MAGGIE [*Going to him*]. Heinie, what ye home now fer — what's wrong?

HEINIE. [*Looking at her keenly*]. What's wrong with you? Ye been cryin'

MAGGIE. No, I ain't.

HEINIE. Yes, ye have.

HOWLAND. We were discussing a rather painful topic.

HEINIE [*Sharply*]. Well, ye needn't. . . . she's happy jus' as she is. . . .

MAGGIE [*Intervening hurriedly*]. Sure, I'm all right. What ye home from work fer?

HEINE. Strike.

MAGGIE. Strike — are ye gonna lay off work?

HEINIE. For a while.

MAGGIE. Oh, Heinie ——

HOWLAND [*To* MRS. BURKE SMITH]. That means a stand off for the rent. [*Xs up to* HEINIE.] I suppose nothing could induce you to return to work?

[ALICE *Xs down R. back of* Mrs. B. S. *as* Howland *Xs C.*]

HEINIE. Say, I'm crazy about layin' off ——

HOWLAND. You working men are merely the tools of demagogues — you are refusing to work at their command, and your wife here is the victim.

MAGGIE [*Interrupting*]. Oh, that's all right. Strikes ain't nothin' fer us to tide over — we've done it before — only ——

HEINIE. Maggie, what's ailin' ye?

MAGGIE. Nothin' — only we was savin' up so fast. We had twenty seven dollars in the bank — pretty soon we'd a had a hundred dollars. I was kind o — kind o' stuck on savin' a hundred, but now —— [*Bravely attempts to smile.*]

HEINIE [*Tenderly*]. Don't you fret, Maggie.

MAGGIE [*Smiling up at him*]. I ain't got no kick comin' — you know that.

HOWLAND [*Turns to* HEINIE *C.*]. But what I would impress is — the futility — the folly of the whole business ——

HEINIE [*Angrily*]. Say, what d'ye think —— [*He checks himself and turns away with a laugh of contempt.*] Gee —— [*Turns up with* MAGGIE.]

BATES. Let him tell ye, Dutch — he's the original sure cure kid.

MRS. BURKE SMITH [*Surveying* MRS. BATES *haughtily*]. Does this woman belong here?

[HEINIE *and* MAGGIE *Xs. L. at back, toward door L.*

BATES [*L. Scrubbing in her best society manner*].

Introduce us, Dutch — we've been spakin' but we ain't met ——

HOWLAND [*C.*]. Er — this is Mrs. Burke Smith.

BATES [*Brightening up*]. Oh, ye're a Burke, are ye? [*Getting very gracious.*] Sure, now an' I like ye better fer that — I was a Burke too before I married Batsy. Tell us, d'ye iver hear from the ould counthry?

[*She offers to shake hands with* MRS. BURKE SMITH. MRS. BURKE SMITH *and* HOWLAND *stand aghast.* HEINIE *exits hurriedly into the other room, holding his hand over his mouth.* MAGGIE *catches* MRS. BATES *by dress and urges her back to tub.*]

MAGGIE. Ye mustn't mind 'em, ma'am. Heinie feels bad about the strike, that's why he hadda leave the room.

[*A burst of laughter from the next room causes* MAGGIE *to hurriedly shut the door.* ALICE *and* HOWLAND *exchange glances, ill at ease.*

And Mrs. Bates ain't just herself neither.

[BATES *bristles up indignantly.*

MRS. BURKE SMITH. It is quite apparent that you are blessed with finer perception than those others. [*To* HOWLAND.] I feel it my duty to do something.

HOWLAND. Really! [*Xs up to window R.*

MRS. BURKE SMITH [*Motioning to* MAGGIE]. One moment, my dear. . . .

[BATES *takes wash tub up C. and sets it between table and cupboard.*]

[*Turning to* MAGGIE.] You do plain sewing?

MAGGIE. Yes'm.

MRS. BURKE SMITH. Come a little closer.

[MAGGIE *approaches below bench.*

I'm going to let you come to my house to sew.

MAGGIE [*Hesitatingly*]. Why ——

MRS. BURKE SMITH. You wish to work, don't you?

MAGGIE. Heinie never used to want me to work, but now he's layin' off, I guess maybe I better. I'll ask him.

[*She starts toward door L.*

MRS. BURKE SMITH. Yes, do. [*Rises.*] We have other visits to make in the building.

[*Starts for door up R.* DOCTOR TAYLOR *bursts into room. Starts as in surprise at them.*]

TAYLOR. Why . . .

[ALICE *becomes confused.* MRS. BURKE SMITH *eyes him coldly.*]

BATES [*Throwing up her hands in mock surprise*]. Gee whiz!

TAYLOR. Why, how do you do, everybody? [*Up C. L. of* MRS. BURKE SMITH. Quite a surprise to find you here.

MRS. BURKE SMITH [*Dryly*]. Quite! I can imagine!

TAYLOR. I've got a sick child upstairs.

MRS. BURKE SMITH [*Frigidly*]. Really?

TAYLOR. So I dropped in here for some hot water.

MRS. BURKE SMITH. [*Xs down B. C.* I hope you obtained the hot water.

TAYLOR [*To* MRS. BATES]. I'd like it boiling, please. It wasn't half hot enough before.

BATES [*With a wink*]. Lave it to me, docthor.

[*Gets tin pail from table above stove. She Xs to stove and pours some water into a small tin pail from tea kettle on floor above stove.*

TAYLOR [*To* MRS. BURKE SMITH; *down C. to L. of* BURKE SMITH]. Your niece is becoming quite familiar with the work down here.

MRS. BURKE SMITH [*Coldly*]. So it seems.

TAYLOR. It is quite a science, you know. It's great to think she's been able to interest you. I know she felt discouraged at first ——

MRS. BURKE SMITH. Really!

TAYLOR. —— thought you looked on it all as a fad.

MRS. BURKE SMITH [*Dryly*]. I shouldn't call it that exactly.

TAYLOR. What induced you to consider it seriously enough to come down?

MRS. BURKE SMITH. I thought she needed a chaperon. [*Xs up R. to* HOWLAND *at window.*

TAYLOR. Oh!

BATES. [*Xs to doctor C.*

Here ye are, docthor; bilin'.

[*She hands him the pail.* MRS. BATES *Xs to wash bench L. back of* DOCTOR.

TAYLOR [*Smiling at* ALICE]. Good morning.

[*Xs up to* MRS. BURKE SMITH.

Good morning. We hope you'll come down again.

MRS. BURKE SMITH [*Turns with surprising graciousness*]. Good morning, Doctor Taylor.

[*She extends to him her hand, from which the glove is turned back.* TAYLOR *is about to take it, when she suddenly dips her finger into the pail of water which he is holding.*]

Just as I thought. Stone cold.

TAYLOR [*To* BATES, *reproachfully*]. Mrs. Bates, how could you!

BATES [*Looking at* MRS. BURKE SMITH]. I'd hate to say what chilled it.

[MRS. BURKE SMITH *and* HOWLAND *exchange a look of disgust.* TAYLOR *exits hurriedly bursting with laughter.*]

MRS. BURKE SMITH [*Quite angry, to* ALICE]. You have seen the last of that young man, my dear.

ALICE. Yes, auntie.

MRS. BURKE SMITH [*Curtly to* MAGGIE. MAGGIE *is down L. with* BATES]. I pay five dollars a week. You take your meals at the house. You can come up whenever you're ready —— [*To* ALICE, *as she goes toward the door.*] Come along!

[*She goes out, followed by* ALICE, *downstairs*; HOWLAND *Xs up to door*].

HOWLAND [*Pausing for a final word with* MAGGIE]. I hope you will sieze the opportunity to profit by this uplift. [HOWLAND *exits and downstairs.*

BATES. It's a holdup ——

[MAGGIE *Xs R. to stove.*

Can ye beat the loikes of that?

MAGGIE. What you mixin' in this fer? D'ye want me to lose the job?

BATES. It's a foine illigint job she's offerin' ye — five dollars a week. The high-toned robber.

MAGGIE. Just the same, I got t' have it, ain't I?

BATES. And a lot more with it if ye're goin' to Wyoming.

MAGGIE. I'm gonna get a hundred dollars, I don't care how.

BATES. It's yer duty to start the little thing proper — because it can't start itself. It's the way of beasts what's always good parents — if ye need anythin' fer yer young — take it.

MAGGIE. Ye tell me to steal?

BATES. Bless ye, no. Shave it off unnoticeable like.

MAGGIE. Do ye think I don't know nothin' about the Ten Commandments?

BATES. Lookin' out fer yer own's followin' the rules of nature an' I bet the Lord made the rules of nature long before He made them Ten Commandments.

MAGGIE. Ye can talk and talk all ye like, but ye conscience tells ye yer wrong. Ye know it does.

BATES. It's plain the loikes o' you ain't got the price of a conscience and a healthy baby too, so make up yer mind which you'll have.

MAGGIE. Why, I'd think about it till I died. I wouldn't dare look Heinie in the face —— [*A*

sudden thought strikes her.] The Bible says, the sins o' the fathers is visited on the children — an' if I'm a thief ——

BATES. Maybe ye can beat the thievin' instincts out o' the young one, but ye can't beat the health into him if he grow up around here.

MAGGIE. Suppose I got caught?

BATES. Ye won't. I'll be prayin' for ye night and day.

HEINIE [*Enter from Room R.*]. Well, have they beat it? I s'pose they was here offerin' charity.

BATES. To thimselves. [*She begins gathering up her wash*].

MAGGIE [*Anxiously*]. Say, Heinie, is the strike apt to last long?

HEINIE. Now tell me what's wrong with ye?

MAGGIE [*Her agitation increases under his gaze*]. Me — why — nothin'.

HEINIE. I know better; what was they sayin' to her, Bates?

BATES. The lady is goin' to give Maggie an uplift — ain't that nice?

MAGGIE. She's offerin' me a job sewin' — I can earn somethin' while ye layin' off.

HEINIE. For how much?

MAGGIE. Five a week ——

HEINIE (*Sarcastically*]. Fine — what's the hours?

MAGGIE. I just go to the house and stay all day —

HEINIE. Nothin' doin'.

MAGGIE. But, Heinie, we need it.

HEINIE. Not that bad. She can try her charity slave drivin' on some one else.

MAGGIE. But — Heinie ——

HEINIE. If ye want to work a while, and maybe ye'd better just a little, while I'm layin' off — I can get ye something easy around the factory for ten a week.

MAGGIE. Yes — I know — but —— [*She looks at* MRS. BATES].

BATES. [*Up C.*] Maybe she'd ruther be takin' the other, Dutch ——

MAGGIE. Yes, I — I ——

HEINIE [*L.*]. What? For half the money?

BATES. Ye be forgittin' the uplift. Ye better think it over, it has foine possibilities. [*She looks at* MAGGIE *and nods toward* HEINIE *significantly.*] So long.

[MRS. BATES *exits upstairs.*

HEINIE. Nix, nothin' doin' ——

MAGGIE. You oughtn't to make 'em mad ——

HEINIE. I can look after this ranch without the help o' charity — who asked 'em in here?

MAGGIE. Why, they're just people what likes comin' around doin' good.

HEINIE [*Sneers*]. Same's their children likes feedin' monkeys in the park —— The poverty and trouble o' me and my family ain't made for the pleasure of no man. They can go and do their [*gets paper from mantel*] playin' somewheres else.

[*Sits on stool below bench L. C.*

MAGGIE [*Pleadingly*]. They could do so much for us if ye'd only let them, and we need their help; honest we need their help.

[*Xs L. to* HEINIE, *hesitatingly.* Say, Heinie, how'd ye like to pull out o' here?

HEINIE [*In surprise*]. Huh?

MAGGIE. An' go to Wyoming?

HEINIE. Wyoming?

MAGGIE [*Sits on wash bench L., eagerly*]. A hundred dollars is all we need. The Government gives ye the land for nuthin', and it's nice and healthy out there. O' course, ye mustn't expect too much, there ain't no roses. But it's fine and healthy and there ain't no sickness, an' that's what yer always growlin' about.

HEINIE. Me private car's in the repair shop — say — what got yer started on Wyoming?

MAGGIE. Mrs. Bates was tellin' of it. Look at Steve, he was born out there.

HEINIE [*In contempt*]. That skunk?

MAGGIE. Well, anyhow, he's husky and ——

HEINIE. Did ye think o' earnin' the price workin' for them ducks at five a week?

MAGGIE. No! [*Positively.*] No, I don't want to work for them. [*Rises.*] You can take me down and get me that job at the factory.

HEINIE. Soon as the noon whistle blows we'll go right over. [*Rises. Xs to her R.*] Don't you bother, little girl, I know how ye feel——

MAGGIE. Dear old Heinie.

HEINIE. Some day — the minute I can get the price, I'll take ye away, anywheres ye like, so we can have a real home an' live like human bein's — then ye'll be happy, won't you?

MAGGIE. Sure — but — but — that won't be for a long time — will it?

HEINIE. Maybe in a couple of years.

MAGGIE. Oh! [*After a pause.*] But, Heinie, things ain't so bad here — ye just imagine it.

HEINIE. Do I? Well, the health officer says if folks live in dumps like this they get consumption.

MAGGIE. We can't help it.

HEINIE [*Sits on stool below tub*]. You're right — it don't help — grumblin' only it makes me sore.

MAGGIE. Well, maybe things could be better — but yer feelin's ain't changed, Heinie, have they? Heinie, lemme show ye somethin'. [*She gets a book of Mother Goose rhymes from the bureau drawer up L.*

[*Xs down to bench.*

Remember, it — the night you brought this home — I learned one of the rhymes an' you learned one. [*Turning the page.*] Here's the one I learned. [*Turning another page.*] And here's the one you learned. I bet ye forgot yours already.

HEINIE [*Laughing, he tugs almost sheepishly at the top of his shoe*]. Not on ye life.

[*He recites Bye Baby Bunting, hesitatingly, looking foolish.*]

Bye baby bunting, papa's gone a-hunting
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap his baby buntin' in. [*Sheepish laugh.*

MAGGIE. Oh, Heinie, you don't know how happy

it all made me. I knew what it meant. It meant ye loved me. Heinie, are things different now?

HEINIE. Why, honey, the only difference is — I care more an' more for ye every day.

MAGGIE. Heinie!

HEINIE. An' I feel just as I did the day I brought that kid book home. An' I always will. Don't ye ever forgit that. But I come to see, fixed as we are, down here, it's wrong.

MAGGIE. Oh, but Heinie, look at the kids that are born down here. They're happy, ain't they?

HEINIE [*Rises*]. Yes, look at 'em!

MAGGIE [*Pleadingly*]. Other people down here's satisfied with 'em.

HEINIE. Because they don't know what a terrible thing they're doin'.

MAGGIE. Is it a terrible thing? Ain't it your crazy way of seein' things?

HEINIE. Do ye think when them kids grow up to see their sickly half baked bodies don't give 'em no chance with other people they'll thank the fools what brought 'em into the world? Why, how'd yer like ter have a kid of yer own cursin' yer fer the very life you give it?

MAGGIE [*Rising from arm of wash bench*]. No, no, don't say that.

HEINIE. I'd rather kill it when it was born than send it up against a game like that.

MAGGIE [*Shrilly*]. Shut up, will ye? Shut up ——

HEINIE [*Suspiciously, approaching her, both down L.*]. Say, what's ther matter with ye?

MAGGIE [*Trembling, evading his eye*]. It's them awful things you say — ye oughtn't to say 'em, Heinie, ye oughtn't to say 'em, even if they are true.

[*Buries her head on his breast, sobbing.*

HEINIE. That's all right, honey, don't ye cry. We'll pull out o' here yet. There, now, put on yer hat and coat and I'll take ye over to the factory.

[MRS. BATES *enters up R. C.*

BATES. Your sassiety friends is returnin'.

HEINIE [*Sulkily*]. What do they want?

BATES. Comin' back to see if Maggie wants the job.

HEINIE [*Angrily*]. Tell 'em no.

[*He goes into next room L. and slams door after him.*

BATES. Well?

MAGGIE. I couldn't.

BATES. God save us, child ——

MAGGIE. Oh, I was too scared. He said if one come he'll kill it ——

BATES [*Starts L.*]. I'll talk to the pig-headed Dutchman.

MAGGIE [*Stopping her*]. No, no, don't say a word — not now.

BATES. What else can ye do?

MAGGIE. I'll tell him — I'll —Oh, tell him to-morrow. Say, maybe if I'd go up to the house and tell that woman about myself, maybe she'd help me.

BATES [*Skeptically*]. Huh! [*She hears* STEVE *coming down stairs.*] Here they come back.

[MAGGIE *goes slowly to chair down U. R. of tub and sits.* STEVE *enters*]

BATES [*Whispering*]. Steve — go away; Heinie's here.

STEVE [*Leaning against the door jamb, to* BATES]. Beat it upstairs, some one wants to see ye about their wash. [BATES *exits and upstairs.* Hurry up!

[*Still standing by the closed door — speaking to* MAGGIE *in a low voice*]. Where's ye husband ?

MAGGIE [*Nods toward the other room*]. In there.

STEVE. Come here — [MAGGIE *does not move.*]

MAGGIE. Well?

STEVE. Say, did I get the dope right? Ye goin' to work for them guys?

MAGGIE. I don't know — why?

STEVE. Me mother was sayin' ye was hard up fer money ——

MAGGIE. I am ——

STEVE. Bad?

MAGGIE. Awful ——

STEVE. Yer know where ter git it, don't ye?

MAGGIE. You can't tell me.

STEVE. I don't mean what you mean — listen here — that place yer goin' to work in is a cinch.

MAGGIE. Aw cut that!

STEVE. I ain't askin' ye to steal. Come here — I can't holler at ye. Just get the dope on the place an' give it to me.

MAGGIE. What for?

STEVE. I'd like to know what it looks like, that's all. Say, if it happens to look good you won't have no kick comin' ——

MAGGIE. Say, who do you think you're talkin' to!

STEVE. Come here, ye little idiot — talk won't hurt ye — listen here; if ye tell me how pretty the house looks inside — after I take a look at it,

I might be able to slip ye a couple o' hundred. Ye might be able to use it.

MAGGIE [*Almost to herself*]. A hundred's all I need.

STEVE [*Laughing*]. Sure, I wouldn't have ye feel bad about it. I tell ye —— [*Crosses down.* You slip a note under my pillow givin' me a plan of the house an' I'll treat ye right.

[BATES *is heard returning, coming down stairs.* Cheese it, here's Mud.

[*He leans against the door jamb, grinning.* BATES *enters.*]

BATES [*Speaking angrily to Steve*]. What d'ye mean by sendin' me chasin' upstairs when there's no one there?

STEVE. Ye needed the exercise, Mud. The kid doctor said he could love ye for ye money, if ye wasn't so fat [*meaningly*] — I'll be upstairs, Maggie.

[STEVE *laughs at her with brutal good nature and exits.*]

BATES [*Angrily*]. What's he up to, Maggie?

MAGGIE [*Still sitting, as if about to tell her*]. He comes down here —— [*Then suddenly becomes evasive.*] Oh, I don't know — he's drunk, I guess. He better keep out o' here, or Heinie'll beat him up.

BATES. The young imp — bad cess to him.

[HEINIE *enters from L.*

HEINIE. Ain't ye ready yet?

MAGGIE. Why, no, I — Oh, Heinie, I want to wait and tell the people I don't want the job. I got to tell 'em nice that I don't want it ——

[BATES *R.* HEINIE *L.* MAGGIE *C.*

BATES [*R. C.*]. Sure an' ye can write to 'em. Maggie. I got the address — she left me a card where to go fer medicine for the sick kid.

[*She reads the card which she takes from her shirtwaist.*]

Mrs. Burke Smith, her house is 1914 Fifth Avenue, and the business address is 62 Wall Street.

HEINIE [*Looking up suddenly*]. What's the last address? [*He snatches the card from* MRS. BATES *and reads it.*] 62 Wall Street is her office, is it? Well, of all the brassy nerve ——

MAGGIE. Now, what's ailin' ye ——

[HEINIE *Xs to* MAGGIE *below wash bench.* BATES *Xs up C. to table C. Anxious for fear she has urged* MAGGIE *too strongly.*]

HEINIE. It's a fine bunch of mankillin' saints ye'd like ter be bowin' and scrapin' to around here.

Say, if that guy shows his mug in here, I'll tear him to a pulp. And I'll bounce the old woman out on her neck — I mean it. [*Derisively.*] Say, they're good to ye, ain't they?

MAGGIE [*Defiantly*]. Yes.

HEINIE. They're crazy to pull ye out o' this rat hole and see ye live like a human bein', ain't they?

MAGGIE. Yes.

HEINIE. They're eatin' their hearts out 'cause we ain't livin' in gold palaces on Fifth Avenue, and when ye get through kissin' the ground they walk on they're goin' to fix ye up fine and dandy, ain't they?

MAGGIE [*Blindly*]. Yes! Yes! Yes!

HEINIE. That's what you think, but I'll put ye wise. Do ye know who owns this rat hole ye live in? Do ye know who pulls down rent for block after block o' dumps like this. Do ye know who sidesteps fire laws and tenement laws — makes ye breathe dirt, who'd send yer kids coughin' and spittin' to hell if ye dared to have any?

MAGGIE [*Aghast*]. What d'ye mean?

HEINIE. I mean that angel of charity on the

stairs — that Mrs. Burke Smith of 62 Wall Street!

MAGGIE [*A strange hardening on her face — speaking quietly*]. Say, that's on the level? That woman owns this house?

HEINIE. The whole block pays her blood money so she can come down here in her glad rags and diamonds an' chuck it at us in charity.

MAGGIE [*Half to herself — lost in thought*]. Gee!

HEINIE. Now are ye wise to the deal you're gettin'?

[*After waiting for her to say more.* MAGGIE *in deep thought, her face gradually hardening. After watching her curiously for a moment.*]

Come on, let's fergit it and go to the factory. [*He opens the door and stands waiting.*] Ain't ye comin'? Git on yer things. [*Comes toward* MAGGIE. MAGGIE, *absorbed in her own thoughts, makes no move.*]

MAGGIE. Gimme that card.

[*She takes card from him.*

HEINIE. [*To* MAGGIE]. What's got into ye?

[*Down C.*

MAGGIE [*A stubborn expression on her face*]. Goin' to take the job, that's all.

HEINIE. After all I jus' told ye?

MAGGIE. Yep.

HEINIE. Don't believe me, eh?

MAGGIE. Yep.

HEINIE. Then what's ailin' ye?

MAGGIE. I'm jus' goin', that's all. Can if I want, can't I?

HEINIE [*Losing temper completely*]. Sure, ye can.

MAGGIE. All right.

HEINIE [*Xs L.*]. Go anywhere ye like. Go on up to that bunch, and git played for a sucker. Maybe ye'll come back with some kind of sense banged into ye. I'm tired of talkin' to ye.

[*He rushes into room L., in a temper, slamming the door after him.* BATES *follows* MAGGIE *up to door up R., after watching her nervously.*]

MAGGIE. Lend me a nickel for carfare.

[*Pause in which* MAGGIE *slips on her jacket up R.* BATES *fumbles in her pocket, takes out her purse and gives* MAGGIE *a coin. Puts coin in her pocket.*] Thanks, so long!

[*She goes out into the landing and calls upstairs*]

So long, Steve!

STEVE.

[*After a pause.* STEVE *is heard coming down a step or two.*]

What's that?

MAGGIE. I said "So long" — I'm gonna work for them people.

[*She goes down the stairs.*

Curtain.

ACT II

ACT II

SCENE: Same scene as Act 1.

TIME: Two weeks later.

The curtain rises on an empty stage. Wash boiler has been emptied and placed behind stove — wash tub is off — wash bench is up by window R. A kitchen table stands where wash bench stood down L. C. with chair either side of it. Tea kettle is on the stove, also pot of boiling potatoes, also pot of boiling coffee, loaf of bread in bread box on table up C., bottle of milk on fire escape, package of cooked liver off stage L.

There is a knock at the hall door, then another knock — RAFFERTY *opens door cautiously and steps into the room. He crosses it stealthily, gives it a hasty inspection, then goes into the next room L., returns almost immediately. He hears some one coming up the stairs, he looks through stairway window and discovers it is* STEVE, *so he ceases his examination and stands in up R. corner of room. In a moment*

STEVE *comes up the stairs and enters. He is slightly intoxicated and has an unlighted cigar in his mouth. He crosses room and looks in door L., starts back to hall and faces* RAFFERTY, *who has come down C.*

Note: The following scene should be played slowly and deliberately.

STEVE [*Startled into a look of suspicion at seeing* RAFFERTY]. Oh! [*Quickly recovering himself — crossing close to* RAFFERTY *with an air of bravado.*] Well, see who's here.

RAFFERTY [*Smilingly sardonically*]. Surprised?

STEVE [*Mumbling*]. Thought me mother was here. [*A little defiantly under* RAFFERTY's *gaze.*] What you doin' here?

RAFFERTY. Oh, just blew in to see my friend Schultz.

STEVE [*Half believing*]. Friend o' yours — huh?

RAFFERTY [*After* STEVE *eyes him a while with covert glances*]. Sure — what else do ye suppose I'd come up here for? [*With a sharp glance.*] Any idea?

STEVE [*Stares at him a moment, then begins to smile insolently*]. Sure I know.

RAFFERTY. What for?

STEVE. Ye come all the way upstairs jest to gimme a light. [RAFFERTY *gives him light.*] Ye're a nice little fella.

RAFFERTY [*As he gets whiff of the smoke*]. What's this — Africanos?

STEVE [*With bravado*]. Twenty-five straight. [*Taking cigar from his pocket and handing it to* RAFFERTY.] Have one?

RAFFERTY [*Studying the cigar*]. Ain't we living high nowadays?

STEVE. I ain't afraid to spend money.

[*Xs down L. C.*

RAFFERTY [*Dryly*]. Sure, and ye ain't afraid to get money; come easy, go easy, eh Steve?

STEVE [*Stopped by* RAFFERTY'S *reply*]. You got the idea — almost.

RAFFERTY.

[*Carelessly — Xs below table to chair L. of it.* See ye ain't been workin' down to the dance hall lately. [*Sits.*]

STEVE. Who said I ain't?

[*Xs to R. of table L. C.*

RAFFERTY. I didn't see ye there last night.

STEVE [*Suspiciously*]. What kind of a con is that? You wasn't there last night.

RAFFERTY. I know I wasn't. I was on the corner of Central Park West and 87th Street — [*Glances at* STEVE *out of the corner of his eye to see the effect.* STEVE *is just about to sit but stands again*] — about eleven-thirty. [*Lights cigar.*]

STEVE [*Betrays a slight start by halting his cigar half way to his lips, then — speaking easily. Sits R. of table*]. That so? Well, don't feel bad. It was dark and nobody could see ye.

RAFFERTY [*Whittles a match*]. Guess that's why nobody saw me cross the Park on Fifth Avenue about eight. [*He watches* STEVE *keenly to see how he takes this.*]

STEVE [*Imperturbably*]. Maybe . . . and maybe that's why ye didn't see me sittin' in the Brighton from five-thirty up to that time — that seems to be what's worrying you.

RAFFERTY. Oh, I saw you all right. [*After a few puffs of his cigar.*] Say, what the hell does a fella that can't hit a spot ball stand around a pool table for two hours for? That was the rankest play to git noticed I ever looked at.

STEVE. Well, I was noticed at five-thirty wasn't I? Well, I never git up before three in the afternoon. Takes me a couple of hours to git dressed,

git breakfast and git to Harlem. So now nursey knows just where little baby was all the time.

RAFFERTY. But yesterday baby couldn't sleep and got up at noon. It *worried nursey.*

STEVE. Oh — ye was takin' that much notice, was ye? Well, now I'm gonna tell ye somethin' to make ye feel bad. Some o' you wise guys thought Haggerty was playin' the New Orleans ponies in the back of his saloon, and ye had a nice little raid all framed up for one o'clock — didn't ye?

RAFFERTY [*Smilingly*]. I heard about it.

STEVE. Well, them smart Alecs come rushing back through the bar an' there was two doors [*laughing gleefully*]. Sure enough the boobs goes in the wrong door.

RAFFERTY [*With amusement*]. An' somebody turned the key on 'em.

STEVE [*With a wink of confidence*]. Neat, huh? Well, that guy with the key was — [*pause and satisfied smirk*] — baby.

RAFFERTY [*Seeming to enjoy it*]. Bully for you. [*Laughs lightly.*] I hear there was a ripe guy in there with whiskers [*puff*] — from Indiana.

STEVE. Hear about him? Well, after the place got pinched I couldn't lose him. He wanted to

hand me his roll, 'fraid they'd take it for evidence. Well, I lights out, and this guy clings to me all the way up Seventh Avenue, so I begins to think I kin git him up to Harlem sittin' in a nice little poker game.

RAFFERTY [*Sharply*]. But instead ye lost him in the subway crowd at two-thirty.

STEVE [*Mystified but guarded*]. How the hell do you know?

RAFFERTY. *Well, that guy with the whiskers was nursey.* So you see she's worryin' about where you were for three hours till you showed up in Harlem.

STEVE. There's a picture puzzle for ye. Find six saloons with — Stevie inside between Harlem and Houston Street.

RAFFERTY. [*Rising Xs R. below table.* So that's the best you can give me, is it? Well, I'll try.

[MRS. BATES *coming downstairs — appears in the doorway. She has a shawl over her head and carries a small basket for bundles.*

BATES [RAFFERTY *turns to see who it is*]. Oh, Steve! [BATES *stops in doorway, surprised at seeing* RAFFERTY.] Ah, there you are.

STEVE [*Still seated at the table, his back toward her*]. Huh!

BATES. I'm goin' to the grocery.

STEVE [*Without looking up*]. Well, go ahead.

BATES. I'm needin' some change.

STEVE [*Irritably, rises, Xs L. below table*]. Can't ye see I'm busy?

RAFFERTY. I won't wait.

[RAFFERTY *goes toward door.*

BATES. [*Entering L. of* RAFFERTY. Ye're wantin' to see somebody?

RAFFERTY [*Laughing*]. Oh, that's all right. [*He goes out and downstairs, laughing as he goes.*

BATES. Who is that, Steve?

STEVE. [*Xs. R. above table.* Oh, that's a loose-mouthed guy named Bill Rafferty.

BATES [*Startled*]. Rafferty! He's a plain clothes cop, ain't he?

STEVE [*Angrily, looks through window stairs*]. He's a bum imitation of one.

BATES [*Alarmed*]. What's he doin' here?

STEVE. [*Xs down C. irritable and restless.* Come in to see Dutch.

BATES. What's a plain clothes man botherin' Dutch about?

STEVE. [*Xs. L. door down L.* Well, how do I know — that's his business.

BATES. Ye're sure it isn't you he's after?

STEVE [*Sarcastically, down L.*]. Sure — by appointment. Here in Dutch's place.

BATES. Ye seemed talking awful serious about somethin'.

[STEVE *does not answer, but runs up and opens door, up R. — looking downstairs.*]

What's the matter, Steve? I can see by yer manner ye're scared.

STEVE. [*Slams door angrily, Xs down R.* Quit yer gassin', can't ye? Ye're enough to make any one crazy with yer questionin'.

BATES. You bin doin' somethin'?

STEVE. I tell ye nobody's got nothin' on me. Now shut up. [*As* TAYLOR *is seen coming up the stairs and looks in window.*] Cheese it — somebody's comin'. [Doctor TAYLOR *enters.*]

TAYLOR. [*Xs down to stove.* Good afternoon, Mrs. Bates. Saw you had a fire in here. Don't mind if I warm my fingers, do you? [*He warms his hands over the stove.*]

BATES. Are ye on the way to see the sick child, doctor?

TAYLOR. How is he to-day?

BATES [*C.*]. He's always better when yer friend Miss Alice is lookin' after him.

TAYLOR [*With studied innocence Xs C. to* BATES]. That's so — this is her day down here, isn't it? — Thursday.

[STEVE *moves down R. to stove restlessly — strikes match on stove, lights cigarette.*]

BATES [*With a dry smile*]. Maybe that's why he come two hours earlier than usual.

TAYLOR.

[*Who has been laughing at* BATES' *last remark, turns and nods to* STEVE. STEVE *moves up R.*]

How are you?

[STEVE *answers with a grunt, goes out of the room and up the stairs.* DOCTOR *Xs to stove R.*

BATES [*L. C., sighs. Sits R. of table L. C.*]. Oh, dear.

TAYLOR [*R. nodding his head after* STEVE]. Anything wrong?

BATES. Was there iver a toime when there wasn't somethin' wrong?

TAYLOR. How's Maggie getting on at Burke Smith's?

BATES. Why, not so good I guess. She wasn't able to go to work to-day.

TAYLOR. What's the trouble?

BATES. Faith, she's worked to death.

[DOCTOR *Xs to stove.*

I never saw a swell job yet there wasn't a bug in it. [*Notices Taylor poking the fire.*] Oh, doctor dear, be gentle with that coal.

[*Starts R. toward him*

TAYLOR. Eh?

BATES. Ye know ye can't jab at that in the free and easy way ye jab yer patients.

[*Xs to L. C.*

We'd like to have it last longer.

[ALICE *enters.*

ALICE [*Shaking* TAYLOR'S *hand*]. Oh! you are here already, are you?

[*Down C.*

BATES [*Mockingly taking her tone*]. Oh! Such a world of surprises.

TAYLOR [*To* ALICE]. Thought I had better get down here before you had my patient entirely cured. How is the kid?

ALICE. It's asleep now. You mustn't go up there yet awhile — you're not in a hurry, are you? [*Xs to stove below* RALPH. *After* MRS. BATES *speaks.*]

BATES [*Answering for* TAYLOR]. Oh, not a little bit. [*Picking up her basket from table.*] But I'll be goin' about me errands. [*Nudging* TAYLOR.] Shure, if the baby will help ye out by goin' to sleep, it's up to me to help ye out, too — I'll see ye later.

[*She goes out and downstairs.* ALICE *is fixing fire*

TAYLOR [*Indicating* BATES]. Nice, cheery party. This would be a sad place with her off the premises — [*Smiling at* ALICE *as she turns to him*] — except on Thursdays.

ALICE. You'd better add that.

TAYLOR. How are things at the house now? Have they quieted down since yesterday?

ALICE. Not a bit. Auntie was having a long talk to a man from the Police Station when I left — I do wish she would let the matter drop.

TAYLOR. Having a yeggman prowling about the house picking up jewelry is a pretty serious business — get much?

ALICE [*Depreciatingly*]. The man was frightened away before it really became serious. Why, Auntie would never have missed the things if she did not know the house had been robbed.

TAYLOR. Aren't you making rather light of it?

ALICE [*Very seriously*]. I'm trying to, Ralph.
[*Xs L. below* TAYLOR *to table.*
I want it dropped.

TAYLOR [*Surprised*]. Dropped! Oh, come now.
[*Xs C. after her.*
That's overdoing our humanitarian purpose just a little.

ALICE. I don't mean to do that, Ralph, but I know that if this matter is pushed any further the punishment will fall on innocent shoulders.

TAYLOR. Whose?

ALICE. Maggie's.

[*Sits R of table L.*

TAYLOR [*Becoming thoughtful*]. Oh — I see ——

ALICE. She took occasion to leave us yesterday, just about the time this thing happened — well, every one instantly concluded that she had a hand in it.

TAYLOR. French leave?

ALICE. You know Maggie. She's a strange girl — she wasn't happy at auntie's — her husband opposed her working there. It wasn't surprising to have her leave without saying a word, especially as she had received her wages that morning — it's just an unfortunate coincidence.

TAYLOR [*Skeptically*]. Just the same, it looks black for Maggie.

ALICE [*Reproachfully*]. Ralph, how can you say that? [*Turns away from him*].

[*Xs back of* ALICE *and sits on R. end of table.*

TAYLOR. Well, see the way the thing was worked out — a wash basin is broken in your aunt's house — somebody telephones for the plumber — pretty soon a chap comes in — says he is the plumber, robs the house and makes his escape just as the real plumber arrives. That couldn't possibly be done without an inside confederate. Who broke the wash basin?

ALICE [*Reluctantly*]. Maggie.

TAYLOR. There you are.

ALICE [*Firmly*]. Ralph, that girl is innocent.

TAYLOR. I'd like to believe it.

ALICE. You must, Ralph — facts or no facts — you must.

TAYLOR [*With deep admiration, on table*]. What a staunch friend you are — by jove — it's worth being in trouble just to have you stand by one.

ALICE [*Smiling at him*]. Is it? Then you stand by me and we will stand by Maggie together.

TAYLOR [*Grasping her hand*]. Done!

ALICE [*Sits. Very earnestly*]. And don't think it's a blind, girlish sentiment on my part — I know it's the right thing to do, because whatever the real facts are — at heart Maggie is good — she may have had some battle to fight, some problem to face that was too big for her, but she's done her level best to do right — I know that.

TAYLOR [*Gives an appreciative grunt*]. Does Maggie know she is under suspicion?

ALICE. I don't think so. I haven't seen her since.

TAYLOR [*Looking at her musingly, taking her hand*]. Bill, you are a big woman.

ALICE [*Smiling*]. You haven't called me "Bill" since we were kiddies.

TAYLOR [*Absently*]. Funny how it slipped out. You know I sometimes wonder. . . .

ALICE. Wonder what?

TAYLOR. Well, I have floated around here as some kind of a model-chap with a high sounding humanitarian object.

ALICE. I hope you have.

TAYLOR. But somehow all my feelings for humanity seem to concentrate into one little emotional, over-charged capsule on Thursdays.

ALICE. [*Laughing at him, Xs R.* And you don't know what on earth to do with the capsule — what a pity!

TAYLOR [*Realizing he is thwarted*]. Now if you don't mind my starting again, perhaps I could frame this up more intelligently.

ALICE [*Patting him friendly on the arm*]. I'll let you frame it up some other time, Ralph.

TAYLOR. You mean that?

[*Following her quickly to C.*

ALICE [*Turns to stop him*]. But down here we must give all our time to these poor people. We have our own world in which to think of ourselves.

TAYLOR. But down here is where I found you— I mean the woman you really are — why, I knew you up town — just as I know other women — no better, but when I saw you here —— [*Taking her hand*] Come on, Bill. Let's brighten up this old shack with a radiance of our own.

ALICE. Can we, Ralph?

TAYLOR. You stand by folks in trouble, don't you? Well, I'm in trouble now, the worst kind — stand pat.

ALICE [*Her hands on his shoulders — she whispers to him*]. I love you. [*Letting him kiss her.*]

TAYLOR. Bill! [*Embrace.*]

ALICE. But I had no idea of letting you be so irresistible in work hours.

[DOCTOR *starts to embrace her again.* STEVE *comes running down the stairs, carrying an old satchel containing silverware, in a black cloth bag.* ALICE *drawing away from* TAYLOR.]

ALICE. Be careful — some one is coming.

[*Xs to C.*

[STEVE *hurries downstairs. He crosses the landing and starts to descend the lower flight.*

TAYLOR. It's only Steve — he's going downstairs.

[*Starts to embrace her again.*

VOICE [*Outside*]. Miss Alice!

[*She stops him again. He Xs to L. C.*

ALICE [*Opening door — in hall — calling upstairs*]. Yes!

VOICE [*Upstairs*]. The baby's woke, miss — he's crying for ye.

ALICE. Come, Ralph, and see if you don't think the little chap looks better.

RALPH. All right.

[*They exit and upstairs.* STEVE, *after* ALICE *and* TAYLOR *are out of sight, darts back across the landing, and comes hurriedly into*

the room. He carries a small, cheap satchel, places it on the table and opens it, takes out a cloth bag containing silverware and goes into the next room. Returns immediately without the bag. He is barely in the room when MAGGIE *enters from downstairs.* STEVE *is a bit disconcerted at meeting her, but gains his composure immediately.* MAGGIE *eyes* STEVE *sullenly.*]

STEVE. Jest come upstairs?

MAGGIE. Yes. [*Puts package of liver on table up C.*]

STEVE. See a tall guy in a blue suit and a red moustache waitin' around anywheres?

MAGGIE [*Disinterestedly*]. I don't know — [*Then as if half remembering.*] Yes, I guess so — if Heinie catches ye in here, ye know what'll happen to ye — what ye doin' aroun' here anyhow?

STEVE. Sort of wonderin' how ye panned out. Lichtenstein give ye what I said he oughta on the brooch?

MAGGIE. He gimme a hundred and thirteen dollars.

STEVE. An' you shoutin' yer head off coz I made ye take it fer ye share. Ye see? —I knowed what it was worth. [*Xs L.*

MAGGIE. I wasn't kickin' about that.

STEVE [*Above table L. C.*]. I know — ye didn't trust me —— [*Injured, turns face front.*] Nobody ever trusts me.

MAGGIE. I told ye Miss Alice was the one friend I got in the world — I didn't want nothin' stole she had.

STEVE [*Sarcastically*]. Nothin' to it at all. I can break into a house an' rob it in six minutes, an' play favorites while I'm doin' it. Gee, youse women are a scream.

MAGGIE. Anyhow ye might a gimme somethin' that wasn't hers for my share.

[*Takes off hat and coat and hangs them on hooks up R. Puts on apron.*]

STEVE. [*Xs. R.* Ye couldn't a soaked nothin' else and got away with it, ye little idiot — but I notice when it comes down to brass tacks, yer after the money all right.

MAGGIE. I hadda. . . . I hadda. There wasn't nothin' else for it. It meant everything in the world to me. I hadda — that's all.

STEVE. Aw, quit yer snivellin'. Take it from me if ye wanta keep out o' jail ye wanta sack that

long face o' yours. People is gettin' to think things around here.

MAGGIE. [*Xs C. to* STEVE *in a panic.* Steve. . . .

STEVE. Soft pedal. You're all right. I told ye I was takin' all the risk, didn't I?

MAGGIE. Yes.

STEVE. Well, I am. So I'm blowin' out o' town. Nobody'll notice you if ye keep ye head shut.

MAGGIE [*Frightened*]. Oh, Steve, if they git ye. . . .

STEVE [*Sneeringly and menacingly*]. Oh! so that's why ye're scared for me, was it? Well, don't ye fret — but if they git anythin' out o' ye — if ye squeal — I'll fix ye good and plenty — don't forget I got a little note ye left under me pillow. [*Takes note from his pocket*]. If I go up the river, you go, too — see?

[BATES *enters from downstairs.* STEVE *Xs L. and taking cigar stump he left on table in first scene, lights it at door, down L.*]

BATES [*Putting down her bundle basket and gasping for breath*]. Thank the Lord, that errand's done. Steve, every toime I come by I see ye here.

STEVE [*Leaning carelessly against door jamb*

down L.]. Me and Maggie was jest gassin' friendly. Wasn't we Maggie?

BATES.

[*Xs to above table L.; seeing the bag on the table, looks at* STEVE.] What's me beg doin' here?

[*Maggie gets platter from cupboard up L.*

STEVE. Ye know, Mud, I was all fixed to go t' Europe, but there ain't a bunk left on the Lusitania, so take t' bag away.

[MAGGIE *Xs to table down R. above stove with liver and platter.*

BATES [*Looking in the bag*]. There's nothin' in it. What divilment are ye up to anyhow?

STEVE. Ye bin saying fer so long that me next suit of panjamas would be furnished by the State, I didn't see no use in takin' any.

BATES. Steve — talk serious — are ye goin' away? [MAGGIE *at stove preparing to fry liver.*

STEVE [*In mock confidence*]. Now this is dead on the level . . . no joshin'? I am goin' to Newport and rent meself out as a little brother of the rich.

BATES [*Anxiously*]. Steve, if ye're in some kind of trouble and have to git out, won't ye tell me

about it? Don't keep me worryin'; tell me where ye're goin'.

STEVE. [*Xs below table to C.*

I don't know where I'm goin'. But don't worry. If a telegram comes collect, don't accept it, it's just a signal I'm in good health — see — so long.

[*Goes out on the landing and down a couple of steps. Suddenly darts back into the room.*]

Say! There's a hopeful guy down there waitin' for some money I owe 'm.

[*Xs to window up R. Opens window and steps out on fire-escape.*]

If he's waitin' there to-morrow mornin', chase down and feed him some breakfast.

[*He waves his hand to them, pulls down the window and goes down the fire-escape.*]

MAGGIE [*Startled*]. Why did he do that?

BATES.

[*Irritably, with anxiety Xs to table for bag.*

Faith, I don't know. He's up to somethin', I can tell by his manner. Whenever he jokes that way, it's to hide his bein' scared — it's some kind of trouble he's in.

[*Knock at the door.*

Who's there?

[ALICE *enters.*

ALICE [*In doorway*]. May I come in? [*To* MAGGIE]. How do you do, Maggie?

MAGGIE [*Nervously at stove*]. How d' do miss?

ALICE. [*Down L. C.* I thought you might be in now. You little runaway, what made you leave us like that?

MAGGIE. Why — why I was tired; I didn't think you'd mind.

ALICE [*Sweetly*]. Of course, no one minded, but we couldn't imagine where you had gone. You'll come back to us when you feel rested, won't you? I should be dreadfully disappointed if you didn't. When I came home late in the afternoon, I waited in my room expecting you would be in for our usual chat, and when you didn't come I was positively lonesome, I have become so used to them.

MAGGIE. Thank ye for missin' me.

ALICE. So I have come down to have a good chat with you here.

MAGGIE [*Frightened*]. What about?

ALICE. Oh, everything.

[*Xs R. nearer* MAGGIE. I felt you were not exactly happy at our house. Why didn't you confide in me?

MAGGIE. Why, there wasn't nothing to confide.

ALICE. Haven't we agreed to be friends and help each other? Won't you tell me what the trouble is?

MAGGIE. Oh, I want to tell ye — [*Then looking away.*] But ——

ALICE. But what?

MAGGIE. I can't — that's all.

ALICE. I understand, dear, you have some problem that you must solve alone, we all have those and I know you'll do the best you can.

MAGGIE. Oh, I wanta be good — I mean the way you call good — but sometimes there's somethin' you gotta do that's greater.

ALICE. Greater than doing right?

MAGGIE. That's the word — right — that's what I'm drivin' at — bein' right's greater 'n bein' good — and it's different. It's easy enough bein' good — 'cause everybody agrees about it, but in doin' right, there's nothin' to back you up but yer own sense —— [*With a sob.*] Oh, it's awful hard.

ALICE. Whatever your problem is I'm glad you decided to solve it by doing right.

MAGGIE [*Gratefully*]. Somehow, I knew if it was up to you you'd decide my way too. It's thinkin' that keeps me goin' now.

ALICE. And you'll always turn to me in case — well, if anything should happen. If you should ever need a friend, promise that I shall be the first one that you will come to; will you do that?

MAGGIE. Oh, Miss Alice.

ALICE. No matter what the trouble is, come to me —— [*Rising.*] Well I must go now. Good-bye, dear. Don't forget.

[*She goes toward the door.* MAGGIE *rises, Xs up to door up R. C. after her.* HEINIE *enters. On seeing* ALICE *he stands, cap in hand, waiting for her to speak. R. of him, graciously.*]

How do you do, Mr. Schultz?

HEINIE [*With cool civility*]. How are ye, mam?

ALICE. Maggie and I have just been having a talk.

HEINIE. [*Xs down L. of table.* Another one o' them talks where she comes out cryin' huh?

ALICE. Oh, I hope not.

[MAGGIE *Xs up to table C. To* MAGGIE. You'll be more cheerful now, won't you?

MAGGIE. Oh, yes'm.

HEINIE. [*Down L.*
Well, she ain't workin' for your crowd now, so I guess ye hadn't better bother about it.

MAGGIE. [*Up R. C. L. of* ALICE.
Oh, Heinie.
[*To* ALICE.] He don't mean that, miss — sure he don't.

ALICE. I know, dear. It's all right. Good-bye.
[*Exit.*

MAGGIE. Heinie, you oughtn't to said that.
[*Xs to stove.*

HEINIE. Come now, don't bother about them, we're through with that bunch for good. Say, I've got some bully good news for ye.

MAGGIE. Yes ——

HEINIE. The strike's called off.

MAGGIE [*Only half interested*]. That so?

HEINIE. And somethin' better than that. Work on the docks is going to be rushed; that means I can earn enough to take you out to Wyoming in less than a month.

MAGGIE. In less than a month?

[*With a half-suppressed cry as she realizes the futility of all she has done, she stands staring straight ahead.*]

HEINIE. Well — ye don't seem awful tickled to hear it.

MAGGIE [*Repeating as if dazed*]. You can raise the money in less than a month?

HEINIE [*Taking off his coat*]. Yes. Easy. Workin' night shifts, and Sundays — that's double pay.

MAGGIE [*In agony*]. Why didn't you tell me before ——

HEINIE. Tell ye — why didn't I jest find out fer myself?

MAGGIE [*Looking away to hide her tears*]. Yes, o' course.

[HEINIE *goes out in the landing to the sink, rolling up his sleeves, humming cheerfully.*]

HEINIE [*Coming back into room*]. Where's the soap, Maggie?

MAGGIE. I brought it in here — Steve's always swipin' it.

HEINIE [*Getting it*]. Oh, Steve likes soap, does he? I guess it'll take more than soap to get his hands clean. [*Going out to the sink again.*] Poor old Steve, ye know I feel so good our own troubles are over I could almost feel sorry for him.

[MAGGIE *busies herself about the stove. In a*

moment HEINIE *comes in and dries his hands on the roller towel, up R. Coming down.*]

No more frettin' now fer us, eh Maggie? We're goin' to have money in the bank, ain't we? Oh, say, here's somethin' good.

[MAGGIE *at stove, starts to look in oven.*

Do ye know Lichtenstein, the pawn broker?

MAGGIE [*Terrified, shuts oven door*]. Why d'ye ask me that?

HEINIE. Well, he said ye came into his shop last night and hocked a diamond brooch.

MAGGIE [*With a dry throat*]. Me, hock a diamond?

HEINIE. Yes, for a hundred and thirteen dollars. Say — what do ye know about that?

[*Xs L. He laughs uproariously.*

MAGGIE [*Mumbling*]. I think he's crazy.

HEINIE. Yes, he seed you on the street with me once. [*Up R. combing hair.*

I guess the party must have looked somethin' like ye. Well, I told him we wasn't soakin' the family jools just yet. [*Putting on coat.*

MAGGIE [*With a long breath of relief*]. I'm goin' to give ye yer supper now — you must be awfully hungry. [*Xs L. C.*

HEINIE [*Xs to her*]. Well, what ye got that's good? Ye know there ain't no harm in loosenin' up a bit now that things are gonna come easy.

[*There is a knock on the door.* HEINIE *opens it.* RAFFERTY *is standing in the hall.* MAGGIE *gets red table-cloth from cupboard and puts it on the table.*]

HEINIE. Hello, Rafferty! how's everything?

[*Xs down R. above chair before stove.*

RAFFERTY.

[*In doorway, looking past* HEINIE *at* MAGGIE, *who is L. setting table.*]

Pretty fine; how are you?

HEINIE [*Notices that* RAFFERTY *is staring at* MAGGIE]. Oh, this is my wife.

RAFFERTY [*Nods bluntly*]. How are ye, mam? [MAGGIE *nods.*] Ye ain't seen that fella Steve around here, have ye?

HEINIE [*Grimly*]. No, sir. He don't come in here — he knows what he'll get.

RAFFERTY [*With another keen look at* MAGGIE]. Oh! I see — an' ye ain't seen him anywhere round to-day?

HEINIE. Nope.

RAFFERTY [*To* MAGGIE]. Have you, Mrs. Schultz?

MAGGIE. Why, yes. [*Rattled.*] Er — no, I don't know.

HEINIE. [*Laughing*]. Well, which is it?

MAGGIE. No, I ain't seen 'm.

RAFFERTY [*Drily*]. Oh!

HEINIE. Nothin' doin' I guess, Bill.

RAFFERTY. Thanks. I'll take a look upstairs. [*With another keen glance at* MAGGIE.] Good afternoon, mam.

[RAFFERTY *goes upstairs and* HEINIE *shuts the door.*

MAGGIE [*Nervous, bringing two cups and saucers from cupboard to table*]. Heinie, who is that man?

HEINIE [*Sits in chair before fire, reads paper*]. That's Bill Rafferty, a plain clothes cop. [MAGGIE *is unable to control a start of terror.*] Wonder what that fella Steve has been up to now.

MAGGIE [*At table with feverish agitation*]. Heinie, ye know ye got me all worked up again about goin' to Wyoming — now ye seein' yer way clear.

HEINIE [*Burying himself in a newspaper*]. That so?

MAGGIE [*Hesitatingly*]. I'd like to go sooner if we could.

HEINIE. Can't ye wait three or four weeks? [*Looking up and noticing her agitation.*] What's ailin' ye?

MAGGIE. [*Hysterically Xs C.* Oh, I hate this place — I hate it — I can't stand it.

HEINIE [*Puzzled, rising, and Xing to her C.*] I know ye don't like it, but ye been here long enough to git used to it — an' I'm doin' the best I can.

MAGGIE. I know ye are, Heinie, but ——

HEINIE. There — ye mustn't let yerself go that way. [*Consoling her.*] Aw, ye're all fidgetty and tired out. If ye hadn't quit that Burke Smith woman you'd 'a' been down and out soon. Now jest keep a lookin' ahead — the time'll go before ye know it. You sit down there an' rest and I'll set the table.

[*He pushes her into the chair he has just occupied before stove R. and starts setting the table, getting things from cupboard up L. C.*]

MAGGIE [*After waiting to get up courage to speak*]. But, Heinie — s'pose we can go — s'pose we can — will ye?

HEINIE. I'll do anythin' in the world I can for ye, but I couldn't get the money any sooner to save my life.

MAGGIE. I know ye can't, Heinie — but — jest supposen I could fix it, would ye be willin' to start to-night?

HEINIE [*Setting table, looking at her in amazement* You!

MAGGIE. Would ye? There's a train at eleven.

HEINIE. You fix it?

MAGGIE [*Rising*]. Yes — I can git the money.

HEINIE [*Continues to set table*]. You can get the money — you?

MAGGIE. Yes, I — I got it.

HEINIE [*Stops suddenly*]. What!

MAGGIE. A hundred.

HEINIE. You got ——

MAGGIE [*Indicating dress pocket*]. Right here — Now will ye start to-night? There's a train goes at eleven.

HEINIE. [*Xs to her.* Wait a minute — where'd ye get that?

MAGGIE. I borrowed it.

HEINIE. Who from?

MAGGIE. Miss Alice.

HEINIE. The lady what jest left?

MAGGIE. Yes.

HEINIE. Why — she didn't say nothin' ——

MAGGIE [*Hastily*]. She didn't want nothin' said about it. She's a good friend o' mine — she lent me the money.

HEINIE She lent ye a hundred dollars? What could ye give her for security?

[*Coming down R. of table.*

MAGGIE. I didn't give her nothin'. She jest took my word we'd pay it back soon as we could.

HEINIE. Well, how about the interest?

MAGGIE. Oh, there wasn't nothin' said about interest. She just took my word for it — we'd pay her back whenever we could.

HEINIE. Hold on there. Well, I'll have to see her an' find out. We can't take charity.

MAGGIE [*Stopping him, frightened*]. No, no. Ye mustn't see her, Heinie.

HEINIE. Why not?

MAGGIE. She don't want no one else to know. It's a secret between me an' her.

HEINIE. Well — but — I ——

MAGGIE. I'll write her to-morrow about the interest.

HEINIE. Say, she's dead white though.

MAGGIE [*Very earnestly*]. She is, Heinie — she's the best woman in the world. I'd die fer her. Now, Heinie, can't we get out to-night? I've went and borrowed the money.

HEINIE [*Indulgently*]. Well, if we can't get out to-night we'll go jus' as soon as we can.

MAGGIE. No, I want to go to-night. I'm goin' in now and start packin'.

[*Starts for door down L.*

HEINIE. Wait — I got to straighten this out with her before I start ——

MAGGIE [*Halted at door, toward* HEINIE *again.*] But, Heinie — you can't, it's a secret ——

HEINIE. But she might 'a' knowed I'd ask about that hundred ——

MAGGIE. [*Above table L.*

But don't ye understand ——

HEINIE. Yes — I understand — she don't want the story passed around.

MAGGIE. No. She don't want it spoke of even to her and if ye go an' do it, I'm never goin' to speak to ye again.

HEINIE. Well, there's no use gettin' mad about it — tell me what was the real reason ——

MAGGIE. But ain't I tellin' ye. . . .

HEINIE. Are ye sure she lent ye this money — it ain't no charity?

MAGGIE. Oh, Heinie!

HEINIE. Well, I'm goin' ter find out.

[*He goes out on hall landing.*

HEINIE [*Calling upstairs*]. Oh, Miss Alice ——

ALICE'S VOICE [*From upper stairway*]. Yes.

HEINIE. Could I see ye a minute please? When ye come downstairs?

[MAGGIE *stands transfixed with fear, back of table L.*]

ALICE. Certainly; we're on our way down now.

[ALICE *appears in doorway.*

HEINIE. Could I speak to ye alone please?

ALICE [*A little surprised*]. Why — yes. [*Speaking off.*] Ralph, wait for me downstairs?

[*She comes into the room down R.*

HEINIE. [*Somewhat embarrassed, comes down C.* First — I want to say — I'm sorry for bein' gruff a while ago.

ALICE. Oh, I knew you were disturbed about something.

HEINIE. No, it wasn't that, mam, I was sizin' ye up with the rest o' that bunch that comes down here. I didn't know ye was different — but Maggie's just been tellin' me.

ALICE. That I am always to be her friend — I hope you'll let me be a friend of yours, too, Mr. Schultz.

HEINIE. Why, yes, of course. But Maggie's just been tellin' me the kind of friend ye are — and the big white thing ye done fer us, and I wanted to see ye and thank ye.

ALICE. But I haven't been able to do much yet except to offer my friendship ——

[*She glances at* MAGGIE *and notices her strange appearance,* MAGGIE *looking a piteous appeal.*]

I know; Maggie said you didn't want it spoke of — that's why I asked to see ye alone — but I wanted to thank ye, and ask ye about the interest ——

ALICE [*Puzzled*]. Interest?

HEINIE. Yes, it wasn't just clear how much it is.

ALICE. What interest?

HEINIE. Why the interest on the loan — on the hundred —— [*As* ALICE *looks still more puzzled.*] Ye meant it to be a regular business loan —— [*Glancing toward* MAGGIE.] Maggie said. [*He catches a look between* MAGGIE *and* ALICE, *a dawning light on* ALICE'S *part, appeal and terror on* MAGGIE'S.]

ALICE [*Looking away*]. Why, yes — certainly — of course, Mr. Schultz.

HEINIE [*Looking at them both*]. Why — what's wrong?

ALICE [*Who has fully recovered herself*]. You see, I don't know much about such things, so I decided to leave that entirely to you.

HEINIE. Would 10 per cent. be about right?

ALICE. Yes, I should think so.

HEINIE [*Who is still puzzled, after a moment's thought*]. You're sure that's all right mam?

ALICE. Absolutely.

HEINIE. Say, it's an awful big thing ye're doin' fer us, miss. Yer givin' us a chance ter go out to Wyoming and start life all over again and live like a man and woman should — that means a lot — especially to Maggie, and ye let us have the money in a way we ain't ashamed to take it. Of course I can't thank ye right, like I should. God bless ye is all I can say — an' I give ye my word of honor to send it back to ye, interest and all, out o' the first money we make.

ALICE [*Xs to him and offers her hand.* I am confident that you will, Mr. Schultz. [*Gives him her hand.*] I hope you will have great success in your new life in Wyoming.

[*Turning to* MAGGIE, *Xs below table*; HEINIE *Xs above*, ALICE *to above chair R.*]

Remember, dear, you are going far away to a new

country, to start life anew; above all things remember that — to start life anew. And if anything happens — if you should ever need me you'll let me know, you've promised me that — haven't you? [MAGGIE *nods, scarcely able to keep from sobbing.*]

MAGGIE. Thank ye.

ALICE. Good-bye, Maggie. [*Xs up.* Good-bye Mr. Schultz. [*Goes out.*

HEINIE. That's funny. . . . [*Leaning on back of chair down R.*]

MAGGIE. What ye mean?

HEINIE. Oh — nothing. . . .

MAGGIE. [*Xs to stove.* HEINIE *moves C.* Will ye sit down now and eat yer supper?

HEINIE. What's ye got that's good? [MAGGIE *lifts piece of liver from frying pan with fork.*] Liver, eh? Say, we'll have real beef in Wyoming, won't we? That is if I can ever hit a cow — maybe I won't be a greenhorn.

MAGGIE. Oh, ye'll learn quick enough.

HEINIE. [*Xs and sits R. of table.* Yes — just the same I bet them cowboys has a gay time with me.

MAGGIE. Mrs. Bates can put ye on to all the ropes.

HEINIE. That's right, she can; let's have her down. [*Xs up to hall.*

[MAGGIE *Xs up after him and stands with him in doorway.*]

Oh, Batesey, are ye eatin'?

BATES' VOICE [*Upstairs*]. Sometimes

HEINIE. Well, come on down and eat with us.

[*Xs to bring down chair up L. to above table.* MAGGIE *back to stove.*]

BATES [*Coming downstairs. In doorway*]. Well, what's all this? Some one send ye a basket?

HEINIE. Somethin' better 'an that; we're goin' out to Wyoming and we want ye to tell us all the angles. I don't want them cowboys out there to think I'm a rube. [BATES *comes into room.*

BATES [*Sits above table*]. So ye're really goin', are ye? I hears the strike was off. How soon can ye raise the money?

HEINIE [*Sits R. of table*]. We got it already.

BATES. No?

HEINIE. Yes, Maggie got a loan of a hundred dollars from that young woman. [BATES *throws a sharp look at* MAGGIE, *who looks away.*]

BATES. Ain't she a darlint? I knew she'd do it.

HEINIE. You knew it.

BATES. Yes, she was talkin' to me upstairs.

HEINIE. Why, Maggie said it was a secret.

BATES [*Realizing her slip*]. Shure it was. She told me the secret.

[MAGGIE *puts boiled potatoes in bowl. At stove.*]

HEINIE. Well, anyhow we're gettin' out o' here, and we got Maggie to thank fer it. I couldn't 'a' done it in a thousand years.

BATES. No, I guess you couldn't.

MAGGIE [*To table with potatoes*]. Have a potatoe? [*To* BATES.]

HEINIE. Put another cup on fer Batesey, Maggie.

[MAGGIE *gets milk from fire-escape R. and coffee from stove.*]

MAGGIE. She can have mine, we only got two.

HEINIE. Well, use that silver mug the woman gave ye.

[*He goes to shelf in cupboard up L. C. and takes down a little silver baby's mug containing baby ribbon and four little gold baby pins.* MAGGIE *Xs and sits L. of table.*]

Ye know I'm sorry she give ye that. That's plain charity.

MAGGIE. I wish you'd let up on that.

HEINIE. Well, maybe I am hip on it, but ——

BATES. Ye'll use the mug all the same.

HEINIE. Just the same; it's the first time I've touched it. [*Seeing something inside of it.*] What's all this junk in here? [*Pulls out pink baby ribbon, places on table. Empties gold pins in palm of hand.*] Hello — little gold pins — four of 'em. Did the lady give ye them, too?

MAGGIE. Yes.

HEINIE. I'd think ye'd be ashamed to take things like that.

MAGGIE. They ain't worth nothin'.

HEINIE. Just the same I think ye'd better send all that junk back.

BATES. Shure, an' offend the lady after she's made the loan. Lord, Dutch is Dutch and ye can't kill it.

HEINIE. Well, anyhow I don't like it.

BATES. Oh, for heaven's sake, if ye're goin' away, talk about that and quit yer squabblin'.

HEINIE. All right, Batesey, tell us about Wyoming. Don't ye wish ye was goin' back there to see the hills and the trees and the grass ——

BATES. Now don't start on that again. There ain't no roses in Wyoming.

HEINIE. Well, anyhow, we're goin' now for sure.

BATES. Oh, begorra, touch wood, touch wood quick. An' stop yer braggin' — if ye was fallin' from a balloon and started talkin' that way somethin' would stop ye.

HEINIE. Well, we got the money and that's what does the business — ain't it?

MAGGIE. Heinie, what are we loafin' around here for? It's five o'clock now an' I want to git packed. Suppose ye go an' buy the tickets now and while you're gone Bates an' me will do the packin'.

HEINIE. Well, of all the crazy stunts - why don't ye wait till to-morrow anyhow.

BATES [*Breaking out*]. Oh, Heinie, humor the child: can't ye see she's nervous?

HEINIE. All right, I'll go git the tickets and if you can git ready — we'll beat it.

MAGGIE. Yes, and hurry back, will ye, Heinie? So's we can go an' wait down at the station.

HEINIE. Wait at the station? — what's the matter with ye? Ye said the train didn't start before eleven o'clock to-night.

BATES. Trains have been missed before, ain't they? I suppose ye'll go flyin' down the last minute in a taxicab.

HEINIE. Gee, you women! What do ye want to

set around the station all night fer? What d'ye think we are, a couple of dago emi-*grants?*

MAGGIE. Now, Heinie, you go on.

HEINIE [*Rising*]. All right, hon, I'll get right back with the tickets. And if we got time on our hands, we can amuse ourselves walkin' around seein' the sights. Say, maybe I'll take ye to see a movin' picture show; how's that?

MAGGIE [*Dancing with delight*]. Oh, Heinie, will ye? We'll be ready an' waitin' when ye git back. Bates, you pull them bags out of the other room. Oh, Heinie, you're so good, you're so good. [*Throws arms about* HEINIE'S *neck.*]

[BATES *exits door L.*

HEINIE [*Laughing*]. Now hold on here, don't get too excited or ye won't finish up nothin'.

MAGGIE. Don't ye worry about me. [*Sits at table, starts to eat*].

HEINIE. Oh, say, have ye got the stuff that takes us?

MAGGIE. The money?

HEINIE. Yes.

MAGGIE [*Takes money from her dress and hands it to him*]. Here ye are — now will ye hurry? [*Butters bread.*]

HEINIE. Hurry! Ye bet I will.

[*Goes to L., takes hat off hook. After counting bills at door up R. Coming down.*]

Now Maggie, tell us about this money.

MAGGIE. What?

HEINIE. How'd you come by it?

MAGGIE. How'd I come by it?

HEINIE. Yes!

MAGGIE. I just told ye ——

HEINIE. That lady give you a hundred and *thirteen dollars?*

MAGGIE. Oh, I give ye thirteen dollars too much, didn't I?

HEINIE. Yes, how's that?

MAGGIE [*Stammering*]. Why — why — ye see I had thirteen dollars extra.

HEINIE. Ye had? Where did ye git it?

MAGGIE. I bin workin', ain't I?

HEINIE. Ye didn't have it yesterday.

MAGGIE. Yes, I had, but I didn't tell ye.

HEINIE. Why not?

MAGGIE. Why — I — I was savin' for Wyoming — I was afraid ye'd laugh at me so —— [*Starts to drink again. She falters under his cold look of disbelief.*]

HEINIE. That's pretty thin.

MAGGIE [*Becoming panic stricken*]. What ye mean?

HEINIE. Now don't make me ask questions.,

MAGGIE. What's the matter with ye? What ye drivin' at?

HEINIE. I can't help puttin' two and two together. Now don't stall, explain.

MAGGIE. Explain what?

HEINIE. How this come to a hundred and thirteen dollars.

MAGGIE [*Still sitting*]. Why, I did — I ——

HEINIE. A hundred and thirteen dollars — the exact amount o' money Lichtenstein handed a woman that looked like you, that hocked a dimon brooch.

MAGGIE [*Rising angrily*]. Why, ye crazy thing! Ye aint' sayin' that woman was me, are ye?

HEINIE. No, I'm jest puttin' it up to you

MAGGIE. Yes, just because some woman gets a hundred and thirteen dollars on a dimon pin and Lichtenstein says she looks like me, I can't help that, can I?

[*Pushes chair R. of table out of the way and moves to R. of table*].

[BATES *enters with telescope basket, etc.*

BATES. For the land's sake, what's wrong now?

[*Places bags on floor up L.*

MAGGIE. Some woman gets a hundred and thirteen dollars from Lichtenstein ——

HEINIE. An' looked like you ——

MAGGIE. He don't even know me.

BATES [*To* HEINIE]. Can't ye see it's just a coincidence?

HEINIE. All right. Now you get out a minute, Bates, I want to talk to Maggie alone.

[BATES *exits.* HEINIE *Xs L. and closes door after* BATES. MAGGIE *goes to R. in fear.* HEINIE *Xs R. to* MAGGIE.]

Now we'll drop Lichtenstein; we'll say ye saved the thirteen. Now tell us about the hundred.

MAGGIE. I did — I told you that Miss Alice ——

HEINIE. Aw, wait a minute! When I thanked her for that hundred, she didn't know what I was talkin' about. She done the best she could to shield ye, but she didn't give ye that money.

MAGGIE. That's right, don't use no sense about it — just make up ye mind, bull-headed, I'm lyin' to ye.

HEINIE. Well, just because things don't strike me

as bein' right, I oughtn't to talk to you like that. Now, Maggie, git on yer hat.

MAGGIE. What fer?

HEINIE. Ye're comin' with me.

MAGGIE. What ye mean? Where?

HEINIE. To Lichtenstein's.

MAGGIE [*Quickly*]. No, I won't.

HEINIE. Do ye hear, put on yer hat!

MAGGIE. I won't be made a fool of like that.

HEINIE [*His mind satisfied*]. That's enough for me.

[*Throwing down his cap. Starts toward* MAGGIE. *Savagely.*]

Now you tell me about that ——

MAGGIE [*In fear*]. Now ye needn't start in again — I — I didn't tell ye the thing just as it was.

HEINIE. No, I guess not. [*Putting her off.*] Now tell us about the brooch.

MAGGIE. Well, it was me that hocked it. Miss Alice gimme it. It belonged to her.

HEINIE. Go on.

MAGGIE. Well, she wanted to lend me the money to go to Wyoming — she didn't happen to have it on hand, so she let me have the brooch to raise it on.

[*As he stares at her coldly and unbelievingly.*] Well, that's clear, ain't it?

HEINIE [*Breaking out angrily*]. Yes, it's perfectly clear. It's lies, lies, lies from start to finish. [*Gripping her by the arms savagely*]. But I'll get the truth out o' ye before I'm through.

MAGGIE. Heinie, don't hurt me.

HEINIE [*Menacingly*]. Will ye tell me?

MAGGIE [*Sniveling*]. Ye's a nice one, ain't ye? Ye're tryin' to make me say I took somethin' when I didn't! She give me the brooch, I tell ye.

HEINIE [*Releasing her*]. Aw, women of her kind don't do things like that. If she hadn't 'a' had the money she'd a got it some other way than through a hock shop . . . if ye wasn't so tangled up in lies ye'd see how funny the whole thing sounds. She didn't give ye that brooch. You stole it, didn't ye? [*Shaking her.*] Didn't ye?

MAGGIE. Not exactly.

HEINIE. Not exactly.

MAGGIE. I'd like to tell ye the truth, but — ye make it so hard fer me.

HEINIE [*Releasing his grip and speaking calmly*]. Go on, then.

MAGGIE. I — I wouldn't steal from Miss Alice

— she's the best friend I got — if ye knew, ye'd understand.

HEINIE. Aw, don't beat about the bush.

MAGGIE. Well, yesterday afternoon Mrs. Burke Smith's house got robbed.

HEINIE. Robbed, was it?

MAGGIE. Yes, by a fake plumber. A wash basin got busted — they telephoned for a man to come and fix it — by and by this fella come. He started workin' in the room next to the one I was sewin' in, and then he sneaks downstairs and was robbin' the house when the doorbell rings and the real plumber shows up. Well, he comes rushin' through the room, an' tells me what he is an' says if I'll help him get out he'll divide with me. I dunno why I did it, but I hid him till the coast was clear and he made his getaway. I dunno why I did it, it all happened so sudden — but that's just how it was, Heinie.

HEINIE. An' ye didn't know this fake plumber before?

MAGGIE. No, Heinie, no.

HEINIE. Never saw him before in yer life?

MAGGIE. No, never, o' course not.

HEINIE. An' how about that sink, didn't you bust it?

MAGGIE. Why, it was cracked already — a bottle

fell off the shelf and busted through. [*With a sickly smile of fear and desperation*]. An old yellow bottle. I dunno what was in it.

HEINIE. So! You bust a sink by accident, an' this guy happens along just at the right time, robs the house, divides with ye, and nothin' was fixed up beforehand. So that's why ye couldn't be coaxed away from that place. Why, ye'd stayed there and worked yerself sick. Ye was fixin' a deal with a thief, meetin' him time and again. How do I know there wasn't somethin' more back of it. Somethin' more than just robbin' the house.

MAGGIE [*Shrilly*]. Don't you dare

HEINIE. Well, I take that back. Now tell me, who was the fella? Who was the man?

MAGGIE [*Bowed head*]. Steve. . . .

HEINIE. Steve! [*He pauses until he masters himself, then speaks to her quietly*]. Ye got the ticket fer the pin? [*She takes it from her pocket and hands it to him*]. It belongs to the young lady?

MAGGIE [*Head still bowed and averted*]. Yes.

HEINIE. An' she didn't even let on when she found it out. Oh! [*Bitterly.*] She pitied ye, I guess — she pitied both of us. [*After struggling for composure.*] The brooch all Steve gave ye?

MAGGIE. Yes.

HEINIE. How about that silver mug, them gold pins and things?

MAGGIE. Oh, they was just knockin' about. Nobody wanted it. It didn't matter.

HEINIE. Didn't matter? My God, what's got into ye anyway?

MAGGIE [*Turns toward* HEINIE]. *You* put the idea into my head.

HEINIE [*Stunned*]. *Me!*

MAGGIE. Yes! — you showed me the game we was up against! I was satisfied with things as they was till then. You think I'm just a weak fool that Steve got to help him. Well, now, I'll tell ye somethin'. Ye wrong!

HEINIE [*Puzzled by her defiance*]. Just what's ye drivin' at?

MAGGIE. I mean that I finally woke up to what I had comin' to me. Them people owned our home, they owned us, and if I dared to bring a life into the world they owned that, too. Well, they went too far, so I went up there and took what I needed — what was mine — I had a right to, I tell ye.

HEINIE. Right?

MAGGIE. Yes, a right — to my share o' life,

just as they have, just as any animal has. I didn't ask for comfort, I didn't ask for happiness; that's fer their kind uptown — that's the law, but there's some things they've got to let me have; me — and the lowest animal livin'; you're a man, ain't ye? and you're goin' to have food and drink. Ye got a right to live and ye'll steal an' murder to do it. Well, I'm a woman and God give me a greater right even than that. He give me the power to give life — an' there's no want o' my body or soul cries out so loud. It will be satisfied, my greatest right o' all — then them people come down here an' warn me, warn me that if I dared to bring a life into the world it'd be smothered out — burned up like so much kindlin', and for what, their comfort, their pleasure; think of it — I'm a thief, I'm rotten, and in their eyes I lowered myself; well, just let 'em think so — in my own eyes I raised myself way above 'em, way far above 'em.

HEINIE

[*Pick up speech quickly here to kill applause*].

Well, how about this — [*Taking baby ribbon from table*]. Junk? Ye didn't swipe that to get yer needs of life, did ye? Ye wasn't buyin' yer passage to Wyoming with six yards o' that, was ye? No, ye took it because ye was a natural born thief.

MAGGIE. Ye don't understand ——

[*No break in* HEINIE'S *speech* — MAGGIE *going R. and ejaculates*].

HEINIE. A thief, I tell you, and couldn't help yourself. Ye'll take stuff like that — junk ye got no use for — just because ye can't keep yer hands off it — [*Waving ribbon in her face*]. Will ye tell me why ye steal baby ribbon, baby pins — and baby mu—— [MAGGIE *bowed head under denunciation, raises eyes to* HEINIE *at last "baby."*]

[*In sudden enlightenment he stops and falls back a step, his hands across his brows as she stands before him, trembling.*]

My God — my God ——

[HEINIE *keeps gaze on* MAGGIE, *who bows head in shame. His voice husky with awe and reverence.*

Why didn't ye tell me, Maggie — why didn't ye tell me?

MAGGIE [*Piteous whimper. Turning away from him*]. I — I was too scared. Ye said if one come ye'd kill it.

HEINIE [*Bitterly, voice breaking*]. God bless ye, little girl. I love ye for it.

[MAGGIE *totters into his arms C. He takes her sobbing in his arms — comforts her*].

Curtain.

ACT III

ACT III

TIME: Forty minutes later.

The same. Evening. The lamp is lighted on dresser up L. The gas in hallway is lighted.

SCENE: Dishes are removed from table and placed in dishpan on table R., above stove — baby ribbon is in cradle under table up C.

DISCOVERED: HEINIE *is standing up L. with book in hand;* MAGGIE *is up R. by window.*

MAGGIE. [*Xs to table up C.*

Look, Heinie, I ain't showed you the cradle yet. [*Pulls out cradle from under the table. There is a knock at the door.* HEINIE *and* MAGGIE *are both startled.*]

HEINIE. Who's there?

[MAGGIE *goes toward rocker R.* HEINIE *to above rocker. Sort of shielding* MAGGIE *from view of* RAFFERTY. *The door opens and* RAFFERTY *lounges in doorway. The*

manner of both HEINIE *and* MAGGIE *becomes strange and on the defensive.*]

RAFFERTY [*Good humoredly*]. Stayin' in to-night, huh?

HEINIE. Yes. Come in?

RAFFERTY. No; jes' stopped to say hello.

HEINIE. Glad to have ye!

[*There is a strange, awkward pause in which* RAFFERTY *eyes him furtively and keenly, his glance finally travelling to the window of the fire-escape — his manner becoming easy again as he addresses them.*]

RAFFERTY. [*Coming down C.* Hear the strike's off.

HEINIE. Start work to-morrow.

RAFFERTY. That so? [*Pause.*] Too bad it wasn't sooner. [*Pause. Throwing a quick glance at him.*] Must got down pretty low, huh?

HEINIE. Oh, me and Maggie had enough to see us through.

RAFFERTY [*Thoughtfully*]. Ye did, eh? That's more than lots of 'em had.

HEINIE. We'd set some money aside.

RAFFERTY. Oh, I see. That's a good idea.

[*There is another awkward pause.*]

HEINIE. Find your man?

RAFFERTY. Who — Steve?

HEINIE. Yes. You was huntin' fer him, wasn't you?

RAFFERTY. He ain't the best friend you got, is he?

HEINIE. Not a bit of it ——

RAFFERTY. He's a pretty fresh guy, but, believe me, when I put him in the tank he stays to get his hair cut.

MAGGIE [*From chair*]. Then ye ain't see him yet?

RAFFERTY [*Xs down to see her*]. No. Have you?

MAGGIE. No.

RAFFERTY. He's left the building. [*Watching her closely for the effect of his words.*] And he didn't do it by the front door, neither.

MAGGIE [*Faintly*]. How d'ye suppose ye came to miss him?

RAFFERTY [*Sourly*]. Maybe them fire-escapes is no good fer fire, but they're good to fool a guy like me — jes' once, that's all!

HEINIE. Think he beat it that way?

RAFFERTY. I got a hunch.

HEINIE. Well, if he's out o' the building it won't be so easy to find him.

RAFFERTY. That's right. Well —— [*Ominously.*]

I'll have to be satisfied with what I can get for the present. But I won't go to sleep on the fire-escape again. That's a cinch! [*Shifts his position as if about to go.*] Well ——

HEINIE. Why don't you set down?

RAFFERTY. No, I guess I'll be wanderin'. Good-night.

[*He saunters down the stairs.* HEINIE *goes over and shuts the door, then begins to walk the room with troubled thought.*]

MAGGIE [*After watching for a while nervously*]. What ye thinkin' about?

HEINIE. Huh? Why, jes' figurin'.

MAGGIE. Figurin' what?

HEINIE [*Trying to brighten up*]. It'll take just twenty-eight days workin' double time to earn the money.

MAGGIE [*Not satisfied*]. What else was you thinkin' about?

HEINIE. Why — nothin' else. Why?

MAGGIE. Yes you was.

HEINIE [*Trying to speak easily*]. Well, I was thinkin' I was glad Steve was out o' the way, bad as I want to see him sent up. Now there's no danger of his talkin'.

MAGGIE [*Her anxiety increasing*]. D'ye think everythin'll be all right now that Steve's gone?

HEINIE. Sure everythin'll be all right — that is, as soon as we give the brooch back to the young lady. [*Trying to change the subject. Above stove.*] That's a good stove, ain't it? [*Looking about.*] What d'ye think we oughta get on the stuff in this place, Maggie?

MAGGIE. What d'ye think Rafferty came in that way for?

HEINIE [*Trying to speak easily*]. Why — he jes' dropped in.

MAGGIE. What for?

HEINIE. He was up at Bates' place. I heard him nosin' around up there.

MAGGIE. He's come in here twice like that to-day.

HEINIE [*Xs C.*]. He was lookin' for Steve the first time.

MAGGIE. Oh, he knows Steve ain't in the buildin'.

HEINIE. Well, he ain't known it long, because he ——

[ALICE *comes upstairs past hall window.* Oh, there's the young lady now.

[*Coming to* MAGGIE *and putting his arm around her with affectionate encouragement.*]

Now we're goin' to clear our hands and our minds of the whole business, ain't we? In five minutes we'll be square with the world.

[*There is a knock at the door, and* HEINIE *crosses and opens it.* ALICE *enters — her manner is sweet and cheerful.*]

ALICE. [*Xs down C.* Good evening, Mr. Schultz. Good evening, Maggie. [*Looks about.*] Why, you haven't done much packing yet, have you? I wanted to hear more of your new plans for Wyoming. The doctor was coming this way in his car, so I made him bring me. [*To* HEINIE.] Tell me — when did you decide to be a cowboy?

HEINIE [*L.*]. . . . It's for Maggie's sake, we're goin', miss.

ALICE. Oh, I think it's a splendid idea — to go out and start life anew — a good, healthy, wholesome life! [*To* MAGGIE, *very sincerely.*] I want you to go with every good wish that I can give you. That's why I came down here to see you. But why haven't you started to get ready? I thought you were going at once?

HEINIE. Oh, not yet awhile. In about a month.

ALICE [*To* HEINIE]. Surely, it won't take a month

to get ready? I rushed down. I thought you were going, say . . . to-morrow. [*To* MAGGIE.] I thought perhaps Mr. Schultz would be out buying the tickets and seeing friends, and you and I might pack up together and have a nice cozy little chat . . . talking over your new plans.

HEINIE. Oh, I see what yer drivin' at, miss . . you want to see Maggie alone.

ALICE. Now that you've guessed it, may I?

HEINIE. And talk over that money business of this afternoon that you couldn't understand?

ALICE [*Embarrassed*]. Why ——

HEINIE. Well, we can both talk to you about it now. You see Maggie and me have straightened it out between ourselves.

ALICE [*Serious, looking at them both*]. Have you?

HEINIE. She's told me everythin'.

MAGGIE. Oh, Miss Alice, what did ye think of me?

ALICE [*To* MAGGIE]. I know that you were in some deep trouble, but whatever it was you were doing your best — and eventually you would do the right thing.

HEINIE. She *was* doin' her best, miss. I'll answer for that!

ALICE. That's why I've come down to see if I couldn't help you.

MAGGIE. But stealin' wasn't the worst of it, miss. I turned against you — that hurt me worse than the stealin'.

ALICE. Tell me everything, dear.

MAGGIE. You see I was in with that fella that robbed your house. He give me a diamon brooch that belonged to you for my share. Oh, I begged him to gimme something' else, but he wouldn't. Forgive me.

HEINIE [*Raising table-cloth and revealing cradle up C.*]. That was the reason, miss.

ALICE. Maggie!

MAGGIE. Oh, Miss Alice, if ye only seen what I seen — them things layin' empty — the little bodies carried away and the mothers cryin' over them and I was scared — scared that if I didn't get away from this place, mine'd be empty like that too ——! [*She breaks down sobbing violently.*]

ALICE. I forgive you. I do forgive you — there — there! [*Turning to* HEINIE.] Now we must think of what's to be done.

[MAGGIE *Xs to window R, opens it and sits on bench before it. Man off stage with fan to*

stimulate the blowing curtains. Her manner becoming purposeful.]

It was a pin with four diamonds, wasn't it?

HEINIE. I ain't seen it, miss.

ALICE [*To* MAGGIE]. Are you sure it was mine? [MAGGIE *nods her head "yes."* ALICE *turns to* HEINIE.] Mr. Schultz, I want you to reconsider and take Maggie away at once.

HEINIE. I can't do that, miss.

ALICE. I want you to take the money that you have —— [*As he protests.*] Merely as a *loan* from me. As we agreed upon this afternoon, and take Maggie — away from here as soon as you possibly can.

HEINIE. That's kind of ye — but — Maggie put down the window, you'll catch cold — [MAGGIE *pulls down window, also shade*], but we couldn't do that, miss ——

ALICE. But Mr. Schultz?

HEINIE. You must understand, we'd neither of us feel right starting out that way. There's only one thing to do — redeem the brooch and give it back to ye. I'll do it to-night.

ALICE. But if I ask you as a favor to me ——

HEINIE. I'll have to refuse — honest, Miss, we

don't need the money that bad. Ye see, the strike's off — I can earn enough inside of a month . . . that'll be time enough.

ALICE. But there *isn't* time, Mr. Schultz.

HEINIE [*Surprised at her insistency*]. Why not?

ALICE. You see my aunt doesn't take my view of this. I've tried to make her see, but ——

HEINIE. You mean she suspects Maggie?

ALICE. Maggie left just about the time this thing happened. So far, they've been able to trace nothing, but can't you see the danger? Won't you take the money and go?

HEINIE. Takin' the money wouldn't help us, ma'm, an' if we have to keep out of the way, why, I guess New York's big enough for that.

ALICE [*Troubled over it, starts up R.*]. I'm sorry that you won't. [*After thinking rapidly for a moment.*] I think you'd better let me have the ticket. [*Down toward* HEINIE.]

HEINIE. Better let me redeem it for you, miss.

ALICE. I'll take it, please. [HEINIE *hands her the ticket.*]

HEINIE [*Handing her the money*]. An' here's the money we got on it. A hundred and thirteen. [ALICE *takes it.*]

ALICE [*Studying the ticket*]. Lichtenstein's? Where is that?

HEINIE. Just two blocks down the street. I'd like to save ye the trouble, miss.

ALICE. It's no trouble. I'll have the doctor take me down in his car. You've spoken of this to no one? No one suspects?

HEINIE. No one.

ALICE. Very well, you've returned this to me. We're square. So no matter what any one asks you, you know nothing about it? Will you promise me that?

HEINIE. Sure — thanks.

[ALICE *goes to door C.*

ALICE [*At door*]. Good-bye, Maggie. *I'll be back very soon.* [*Exit.*

HEINIE [*With a sigh of great relief*]. There! Now, don't ye feel better?

MAGGIE. I'm scared ——

HEINIE. Well, I ain't goin' to let that bother ye long. Just you put on yer hat an coat. I'll have ye out of this fix in about two minutes.

MAGGIE [*Hurriedly putting on her hat and coat*]. Where're ye takin' me?

HEINIE [*Gets cap from hook L.*]. You can thank

your friend Mrs. Burke Smith for a nice little outin' in Jersey.

MAGGIE [*Delightedly*]. In the country?

HEINIE. Yes — my foreman lives over there with his mother. I'll take ye over and board you out with them for a couple of weeks.

MAGGIE [*Happily*]. Ain't it great? What'll I take with me?

HEINIE. Don't you take nothin'. We'll leave everythin' right here just as if we were goin' for a walk. Then nobody'll suspect nothin'. [*Pinching her cheek.*] You want to spend your time over there learning how to tell ducks from turkeys.

MAGGIE. It ain't a-goin' to take me long.

HEINIE. Come on, then. [*In the doorway, stopping to look at her.*] This suits you right down to the ground, don't it?

MAGGIE. Gee! I'm crazy about it.

HEINIE. Give us a kiss then!

[*She lets him kiss her. They start out of the doorway, when* HEINIE *stops her.*]

Wait! [*Whispers to her.*] Go back in the room.

[MAGGIE *comes back into the room and stands trembling with fear.* HEINIE *locks door.*

Sh-h! [*He pulls down curtain of hall window.*

MAGGIE. What is it?

HEINIE. Be quiet!

[*He stands a moment as if trying to collect his thoughts. Then turns down the lamp L. Stage dark except for light from stove.* HEINIE *dashes over to the other window and raises shade. A man is standing outside on the fire-escape. With a suppressed oath,* HEINIE *jerks down the curtain. He steps back into the centre of the room. There is a sharp knock on the door. Silence. The knock is repeated.*]

RAFFERTY'S VOICE [*In sharp command*]. Schultz! Open up!

HEINIE [*In a low voice to* MAGGIE]. Now keep yer head shut! Whatever happens, keep yer head shut!

[MAGGIE *takes off hat and coat, tosses them into corner down R., and sits on seat below stove. As if realizing the futility of not opening the door, he steps over and turns the key, then steps back. The door is flung open and* RAFFERTY *comes in followed by* HOWLAND. HOWLAND *down L. of table.* RAFFERTY *C.* HEINIE *R. C.*]

RAFFERTY [*Sharply.*] Light up!

[HEINIE *Xs L. and turns up lamp. Then to R. C.* RAFFERTY *raises curtain of the hall window, then Xs to the R. window and raises shade. He nods to the man on the fire-escape to come in. The other man raises the window and climbs into the room, and pulls down the window after him.*]

[*To the other officer.*] Did they try it? [*Nodding toward the window.*]

DONOVAN [*Plain clothes man*]. Sure!

RAFFERTY [*Looking at* HEINIE]. They ought to run an elevator down there. [*To the plain clothes man.*] That's the woman.

MAGGIE [*Shrinking back*]. No! No!

HEINIE [*Steps forward*]. What you want with my wife?

RAFFERTY. I don't want her. Headquarters does.

HEINIE. What you got agin, Maggie? Well, spit it out!

RAFFERTY. You was working for Mrs. Burke Smith, wasn't you, Maggie?

MAGGIE. Yes!

RAFFERTY. What made you pull out?

MAGGIE. I was tired.

HEINIE. I told her to quit.

RAFFERTY. What for?

HEINIE [*To* HOWLAND]. Seein' the value you put on life down here, I didn't want to have her take a chance on one o' your own homes.

RAFFERTY [*Impatiently*]. Aw — cut that talk! [*To* MAGGIE.] Did you know the house was robbed about the time you left?

MAGGIE. No!

RAFFERTY. By a guy that passed himself off as a plumber — come to fix a broken sink. You broke that sink, didn't ye?

MAGGIE. I — I didn't mean to. Heinie can pay for it!

RAFFERTY. That's all right. This guy is a good friend of yours, ain't he?

HEINIE. No, he ain't.

RAFFERTY. So you know who I mean, do ye?

HEINIE [*Realising his slip*]. No, I don't. But you can't tell me she knows anybody like that.

RAFFERTY [*To* MAGGIE]. Steve's a good friend of yours, ain't he?

HEINIE. He wouldn't dare to open his face to her.

RAFFERTY. Yes, he dared — this afternoon.

HEINIE. That's a lie!

RAFFERTY. Right here . . . now, shut up! [*Turning suddenly on* MAGGIE.] Where's that diamond brooch, Maggie? [MAGGIE *quivers but says nothing.*] Well ——

HEINIE [*Pause*]. So, the house gets robbed, and jes' because Maggie quits the job it's up to her is it? Well, you got to pull somethin' better than that before you go any farther, see!

RAFFERTY. If you don't like it here, we'll do it at headquarters. [*A little less sternly.*] Now, for your own sake, this bluff don't go. Cut it! She was on the inside for Steve. We got all his stuff — he soaked it in a Harlem pawn shop. But there's a diamond brooch and some cheap stuff missing. [*To* MAGGIE.] Now, that was your share. Where'd you put it?

RAFFERTY [*As she does not answer*]. Well, you know how it is — the quicker you come through — the quicker you get out! [*There is another pause.* RAFFERTY *looks about the room, finally he notices the travelling bag and paste board boxes up L.*] Hello, what's all this? Goin' away, huh?

HEINIE. We was, but changed our mind.

RAFFERTY. You're frank about it. Where was you goin' to?

HEINIE. Wyoming.

HOWLAND. That's a long walk when you haven't got the money.

RAFFERTY. Yes — what did you expect to go on, Dutch?

HEINIE. Maggie borrowed the money, but when we changed our minds about goin' she give it back.

RAFFERTY [*Cynically*]. Oh, she borrowed some money and gave it back? That's good! [*Turning to* MAGGIE.] Who'd you borrow it from, Maggie?

MAGGIE. Why — why the lady told me not to tell.

HOWLAND [*Impatiently*]. What damned tommy-rot! [*To* RAFFERTY.] Can't you see they're stalling? Well! What do you want to do — keep me here all night?

RAFFERTY [*To* HOWLAND]. Now just a minute — I'm doin' this! [*To* HEINIE.] Maggie tell you she borrowed it?

HEINIE. I know it's so.

RAFFERTY. I guess you're straight, Dutch — but I guess your wife's got you buffaloed.

HEINIE. You think so, eh? Well, the party what made the loan blew out of here not five minutes ago.

RAFFERTY. They did, eh? [*Turning to* MAGGIE.] You'd better tell us the party's name, Maggie. For your own good.

HEINIE. Sure, I'll tell ye! [*Turning to* HOWLAND.] It's that young lady from your house.

HOWLAND [*Amazed*]. What! Miss Alice?

HEINIE. Yes, what d'ye know about that?

RAFFERTY [*Observing* HOWLAND'S *amazement*]. Yes, what d'ye know about that?

HOWLAND. Why, it's preposterous! The brooch belongs to the very person he speaks of.

RAFFERTY [*Surprised*]. Oh, it does, eh?

HOWLAND. Can't you see they're involving things simply to gain time?

RAFFERTY. Didn't you know the lady was in the habit of loaning these people money?

HOWLAND. I most certainly did not!

RAFFERTY. Now we're getting down to facts.

HOWLAND [*Amazed*]. Do you mean to tell me you believe this fellow's yarn?

RAFFERTY. Why shouldn't I?

HOWLAND. But what proof has he?

RAFFERTY. Just at present what proof have you?

HOWLAND. Well, great Scott!

RAFFERTY. Now suppose you ring up your house and get this thing straight from the young woman.

HEINIE. Sure. Ask her, she'll tell ye.

[ALICE *enters up R. C. Xs down R. of* RAFFERTY. RAFFERTY *Xs up and beckons for plain clothes man to X L. to him.*]

HOWLAND. Why, what on earth are you doing down here?

ALICE [*Sweetly*]. Why, several things. I've come to see the sick child, and I've come to see Maggie.

HOWLAND. Your aunt will be furious!

ALICE. Then you will have the satisfaction of seeing her so. She'll be here shortly.

HOWLAND. I hope you haven't dragged her down here to-night?

ALICE. That's exactly what Doctor Taylor is trying to do. If he's able.

RAFFERTY [*Coming down L. to* ALICE]. This the lady?

HOWLAND. Yes.

RAFFERTY [*To* ALICE]. Did you lend Maggie any money?

ALICE. Why, yes. That is . . . I did, but they returned it to me.

HOWLAND. For just what did you lend the money?

ALICE. Why, to go to Wyoming.

RAFFERTY. That fits.

ALICE. What's it all about?

RAFFERTY. Then she didn't raise the money on your jewelry?

ALICE. On my jewelry? [*Turning to* HOWLAND *indignantly.*] Oh, I see! Merely because Maggie left our house at the time of the robbery, you've come here to persecute her. Really, Mr. Howland, I can't believe that my aunt will tolerate any such brutality. It's cruel and it's inhuman!

HOWLAND. There is no desire to persecute. We merely wish to get back some of the articles that were stolen.

ALICE. Nearly everything that man took has been recovered. Is there anything still missing of such great value that you must still hound this woman against whom you have no evidence?

RAFFERTY. Wasn't your brooch valuable?

ALICE [*In a surprised manner*]. My brooch?

HOWLAND. Yes — we discovered after you left the house this morning that your jewel box had been rifled.

ALICE. My jewel box?

HOWLAND. No doubt you were too tender hearted to tell us about it last night.

ALICE. My jewel box?

RAFFERTY [*Puzzled*]. Say, didn't you know about it?

ALICE. My jewel box?

HOWLAND [*Impatiently*]. Yes, yes. A diamond brooch. [ALICE *unbuttons her coat, exposing brooch, which* MAGGIE *sees.*]

ALICE. Do you mean this?

MAGGIE. That's it! That's it!

RAFFERTY [*To* HOWLAND]. Do you mean that?

HOWLAND [*Thunderstruck*]. Why, yes!

RAFFERTY [*Flying off the handle*]. Well, good God, what are we coming to? Juggin' people for goods she's got on her back?

HOWLAND [*To* RAFFERTY]. Now, just a minute. [*To* ALICE.] You didn't wear that brooch from the house this morning. Your aunt said so.

ALICE. Really, Mr. Howland, I don't believe I require such violent enlightenment concerning my own actions.

HOWLAND. Well, I beg your pardon, but——

ALICE [*Turning to* RAFFERTY]. I took my brooch to the jeweler's to be fixed yesterday afternoon.

RAFFERTY [*Suspiciously*]. Say, if Maggie never

saw that brooch before, how did she know it just now?

ALICE. She's often helped me dress at the house.

RAFFERTY. Um — um, very good friends, ain't ye?

ALICE. Very.

RAFFERTY. When were you down here last?

ALICE. Yesterday.

RAFFERTY. Huh?

ALICE [*Quickly*]. This morning early.

RAFFERTY [*Grinning. To plain clothes man*]. What d'ye know about this anyhow? [*The other officer shrugs his shoulders. Eying* HOWLAND *in disgust.*] Say, you don't want a detective — you want a lady's maid. [*To assistant.*] Rubber around the other room.

[RAFFERTY *turns up stage. Assistant exits L.* TAYLOR *enters up R.*]

ALICE. [*Xs to* TAYLOR. Ralph, did you bring her?

TAYLOR. She's on the stairs — so cross she wouldn't even let me help her up.

ALICE [*To* MAGGIE]. I've brought her down to help you, dear.

TAYLOR.

[*Going out to landing, speaking downstairs.*
This is the last flight.

ALICE [*To* RAFFERTY]. Aunt will take things in hand now.

RAFFERTY, Oh, ain't that nice?

[MRS. BURKE SMITH *comes into the room.* TAYLOR *comes in after her.*]

MRS. BURKE SMITH [*Flustered and out of breath*]. Oh, dear! Somebody give me something to sit on, please!

ALICE.

[*Xs down R. of* MRS. BURKE SMITH. HOWLAND *places a chair for* MRS. BURKE SMITH *and she sinks into it R. of table.*]

Oh, aunt, I knew you'd consent to come.

MRS. BURKE SMITH. Consent? I was dragged. Literally dragged here by the doctor.

HOWLAND [*L. of table*]. My dear Mrs. Burke Smith. I'm afraid you've been put to a great deal of unnecessary trouble.

MRS. BURKE SMITH. I know that, but what could I do? These young ones have no consideration for one's feeling, and I was so comfortably settled for the evening.

ALICE. Oh, aunt, if you knew what it means!

MRS. BURKE SMITH. I know what it means — all this excitement; a perfectly wretched, restless night! [*Giving* ALICE *a look of reproach.*] And of course, I know you're back of it! You never think of others! [*With a sigh of martyrdom.*] Well, now that I'm here, what's wanted of me? What's the situation.

[ALICE *Xs up to* TAYLOR *by table up C.*

RAFFERTY. [*Xs down R. of* MRS. SMITH. I'll tell you the situation. As far as the Schultzes go, you ain't got a look-in.

HOWLAND. What do you mean by that? Haven't we a warrant from the judge?

RAFFERTY. Yes, and when the judge hears the cock and bull story you handed him to get it, you'll find yourself mighty liable for contempt.

MRS. BURKE SMITH. What are you saying? That we haven't told the truth?

RAFFERTY. This man told the judge that he had absolute knowledge that Maggie had your brooch. And now one of your own family stalks in here wearing it.

MRS. BURKE SMITH. Impossible!

ALICE. [*Xs down C. R. of* RAFFERTY. Yes, auntie, I had it!

MRS. BURKE SMITH. Oh, you did? Then why didn't you tell me? [*To* RAFFERTY.] But that makes no difference. Things have been disappearing continually for the past week.

[ALICE *Xs up to* TAYLOR *again up C.*

RAFFERTY. Then you'd better go home and take the trouble to hunt them up.

MRS. BURKE SMITH. My good man ——

RAFFERTY. My good woman — what do you think the police force is — something to play with? Something to break into honest men's houses whenever the sweet fancy strikes you?

HOWLAND. You're decidedly impertinent, young man.

RAFFERTY. That'll be about all from you. Now clear out, the whole lot o' ye!

HOWLAND [*To* MRS. BURKE SMITH]. Suppose I take you home now? I'll see what can be done with this matter later.

MRS. BURKE SMITH. Perhaps as no articles of any value have been found, we'd better not prosecute these people. [*Pointing to* RAFFERTY. *Rising.*] But I want that man reported for impertinence! That's much more important just now. Mr. Howland, please call a cab. I just

couldn't survive going back in the doctor's machine!

[*She moves toward the door accompanied by* HOWLAND. *Donovan enters from the other room, carrying a cloth bag of silver which Steve had left.*]

PLAIN CLOTHES MAN. Here ye are!

RAFFERTY [*Looking at it*]. Silverware. [*Calling to* HOWLAND *and* MRS. BURKE SMITH.] Here! [*They turn in hallway, come back in doorway.*] This from your place? [RAFFERTY *up to table up C.*]

MRS. BURKE SMITH. [*Xs and looking at them.* Every bit of it! [*Looking at* MAGGIE, *who stands astounded.*] She shows her guilt—look at her face!

RAFFERTY. That settles it. [*To plain clothes man.*] Call the wagon.

[RALPH *and* ALICE *follow* MRS. BURKE SMITH *and* HOWLAND *in from hallway and stand about table up C., looking at silverware*].

ALICE [*Starting over toward her aunt*]. Oh, aunt, you won't let them. [*To plain clothes man.*] Wait! Wait, please!

[MAGGIE *down R.,* HEINIE *L. of her.* DONOVAN *up L.* RAFFERTY *R. of him.* ALICE *R. of*

RAFFERTY. MRS. BURKE SMITH *R. of* ALICE. TAYLOR *R. of* MRS. BURKE SMITH. HOWLAND *above* TAYLOR. *Grouped around table up C. At their discovery of the package*, MAGGIE *and* HEINIE *are both dumfounded.* MAGGIE *Xs in terror to* HEINIE. HEINIE'S *amazement has given way to bitter anger at this fresh proof of* MAGGIE'S *untruthfulness. He turns on her accusingly.*]

MAGGIE [*To* HEINIE, *in low terrified voice*] What'll I do?

HEINIE [*Bitterly*]. Why didn't ye tell me?

MAGGIE [*Frantically*]. I never saw them things before.

HEINIE [*Unbelievingly*]. How did they get here then?

MAGGIE [*Dazed*]. I . . . I don't know.

HEINIE. What do ye wanta lie to me again for? Don't ye see this breaks down everythin' between us?

MAGGIE. No — No — I ain't lying to ye — I —— [*Struck by sudden thought.*] Steve!!!

HEINIE. What!!!

MAGGIE. I caught him in here, this afternoon. [*Turns toward others, about to speak.*]

HEINIE [*Quickly checking her*]. Wait! Don't ye know it'll just make matters worse if you ring him in now?

MAGGIE. Maybe the judge won't send me up for long. Promise ye'll be waitin' for me when I get out.

HEINIE. You ain't a gonna git sent up. [*To* MAGGIE *in a low voice.*] Now just sit down here an' keep yer head shut.

[MAGGIE *sits in wonder.* HOWLAND *Xs down L. of table,* MRS. BURKE SMITH *R. of it.* ALICE *and* TAYLOR *up C. L. of table.*]

RAFFERTY. [*Xs down C.* Well, Maggie, ye'd better tell us all ye know.

HEINIE. Ye needn't always talk to Maggie; talk to me.

RAFFERTY. Well, how about it, Dutch?

HEINIE. Well, how about it? I took it.

RAFFERTY. *You!*

MAGGIE [*Starting up*]. What!

HEINIE. Did yer think fer a minute that Maggie ——

[*The others have all turned to* HEINIE *at the new turn of affairs.*]

RAFFERTY. Just where do *you* come in?

HEINIE. I give Steve the lay of the house.

MRS. BURKE SMITH [*Quickly*]. It might easily have been this fellow. He used to come to the house to fetch his wife!

MAGGIE. Will you listen to me?

RAFFERTY. All right, Dutch. I'll have to take ye.

[*Hand on* HEINIE'S *shoulder and starts for door.*

MAGGIE. Here — wait ——

[*Dragging cradle from under the table up C. and snatching up baby ribbon out of it.*]

Here, look at this stuff, baby ribbon. D'ye think Heinie'd steal stuff like that?

[MRS. BURKE SMITH *Xs down below table to* HOWLAND

HEINIE [*Interrupting her*]. Wait a minute. [*To* RAFFERTY *aside.*] Let me talk to her a minute.

[RAFFERTY *nods assent and* HEINIE *goes down to* MAGGIE.]

Maggie, you got to let me go! You got to!

MAGGIE [*Clinging to him*]. No, no!

HEINIE. It was all my fault. I scared ye into it.

MAGGIE. No, no, you're all I got in the world.

HEINIE. Listen, honey . . . there's somethin' else. Our little baby, he can't be born in jail. We can't start him off wrong like that.

MAGGIE [*Standing off and looking at him strangely*]. So, that's your reason?

HEINIE. We can do that much for it!

MAGGIE [*Half to herself*]. Jail! It's as good as the gutter, ain't it?

HEINIE. We'll make the best of it, honey.

MAGGIE. [*Her scorn rising. Xs R.* The best of it? So, I got my choice, have I? Whether my child will be born in jail or in the gutter.

HEINIE. Now, don't lose yer head, Maggie. . . .

MAGGIE [*Shrilly, hysterically*]. I ain't losin' my head. . . . I'm just gettin' on to myself the kind of a fool I been.

HOWLAND. Oh, come now, this noise won't save you!

MAGGIE. That man was goin' to jail in my place, because o' that. [*Pointing to the cradle.*] He didn't want his baby born there. Think of it, to save his baby from the shame of jail . . . why don't ye tell him it ain't no use. You know it ain't.

MRS. BURKE SMITH. What do you mean?

MAGGIE. What chance has it got, can ye tell me? It's comin' inter the world weaklin', to be shoved into the gutter . . . . You can't save it.

HEINIE. Maggie. . .

MAGGIE. Oh, what's the use! I fought . . . I lied . . . I stole . . . I wanted to give my baby a chance — that was right, wasn't it? I wanted it healthy an' strong an' decent. But it ain't no use — it ain't no use. There's somethin' wrong somewhere, I tell ye . . . an' mine . . . mine's . . . to be the scum o' the earth cursin' me for the very life I give it.

HEINIE. Maggie . . .

MAGGIE. Them's yer own words. Ye all told me, an' it's the truth. . . . Ye rubbed it in till I've gone crazy with it. Now I'm scared. I'm scared o' what's comin' — I can't face it —— [*Down on knees at cradle.*] It's too much to ask of me . . . it's too much to ask of any woman. [*Takes baby clothes in hands, presses to face.*] It ain't no use, it ain't no use.

[*Throws herself upon the cradle sobbing. She lies over the cradle exhausted by her passion, moaning.* MRS. BURKE SMITH, *hysterically, sits L. of table.*]

HEINIE [*Quietly as he kneels beside her*]. Rafferty, ask these people to git out, will ye — I want to talk to my wife alone ——

RAFFERTY *beckons for them to leave.* MRS.

BURKE SMITH *Xs below table to R. of table.* TAYLOR *Xs up and into hallway,* HOWLAND *up to table up C.* HEINIE *takes* MAGGIE *to rocker, where she sinks limply.*]

ALICE [*Stepping forward, down C. R. of* MRS BURKE SMITH]. Wait, please. [*To* MRS. BURKE SMITH.] Aunt, I had you dragged down here, and you said the excitement would cause you a wretched night. Will you blame me for this or for other wretched nights if you've been brought to see — to understand ——

MRS. BURKE SMITH [*Brokenly*].

[*Turns and speaks* to HOWLAND.]

RAFFERTY. Well, what do you want done?

HOWLAND. Mrs. Burke Smith has decided to withdraw the charge.

[RAFFERTY *motions for* DONOVAN *to go downstairs.*]

ALICE. Oh, aunt! [*Her head on* MRS. BURKE SMITH'S *shoulder.*]

MRS. BURKE SMITH [*Controlling her emotion with an effort*]. I looked on things down here too casually . . . I didn't know . . . I didn't realize . . .

[MRS. BURKE SMITH *exits downstairs, fol-*

lowed by TAYLOR *and* HOWLAND. RAFFERTY *at door shakes his head in disgust.*]

RAFFERTY. It's a shame things has to be like this.

ALICE. [*Xs to* HEINIE. Mr. Schultz! Will you grant me a great favor?

HEINIE [*Back of rocker*]. Anything, miss!

ALICE [*Handing* HEINIE *two railroad tickets*]. I got these for you.

HEINIE. The passage?

ALICE. Will you go? [*As he hesitates.*] My first request and you refuse it?

HEINIE [*Choking*]. You got to let us pay ye back.

ALICE. Yes and with interest. I shall be a regular old miser about the interest.

[ALICE *Xs to table L. and gets gloves, then starts up C.* HEINIE *gets stool from above stove, brings to L. of rocker, sits and takes* MAGGIE'S *head on shoulders.*]

RAFFERTY [*To* ALICE, *Xs up C. to her.* Say, you're a pretty smart young woman, ain't ye?

ALICE [*Defiantly*]. Am I?

RAFFERTY. So your brooch was in the jeweler's? I'll hand Dutch the price of a brooch if he can tell me what jeweler's you had it in.

ALICE. The charge has been dropped, I believe.

RAFFERTY. That's why I'm tippin' ye off now. I don't want you to think me any more of a rube sheriff than necessary.

ALICE. You mean you don't believe my brooch was at the jeweler's?

RAFFERTY. Well, I give the best imitation I could of a credulous man! But when the other junk showed up — why —— [*He looks at her meaningly.*]

ALICE [*Understanding*]. Oh, I see. Thank you, Mr. Rafferty. [*Shakes hands with him.*]

RAFFERTY. Well, good-night and good luck to ye.

[*Exits, and downstairs.*

ALICE [*Xs down R. to* HEINIE *and* MAGGIE.] Good-night, Maggie, and good-bye.

[*Exits up R. and downstairs.*

MAGGIE. Heinie! Maybe there's roses in Wyoming.

CURTAIN

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